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## Reader! Ahoy!

For fifteen years we have kept our eyes and attention steadily bent to our task of turning out the most comprehensive—the most entertaining magazine of the stage that we possibly could. This by dint of the finest talent of pen and brush and photograph that could be found—not to mention the very kind and friendly help of certain great stellar characters.

Now we lift our work-dazed eyes, rub them, and confront many thousands of readers who know us not—that is, editorially—and, still greater sorrow, whom we know not.

To them we extend the sincere thanks and acknowledgment of THE THEATRE for their appreciation (expressed by check in subscribing) of our efforts.

And still, though we have kept our eyes on our task of editing, we have raised them occasionally to strengthen our hopes, and, as best we might, follow the good intent which we printed in our first issue in 1901.

*"The policy of* THE THEATRE *will be to approve and encourage everything that tends to elevate the tone of the stage and add dignity to the profession. It will praise good work by whomsoever done—playwright, actor, manager, scene-painter—and censure fearlessly where Art has been trampled upon and debased.*

And we believe we have truly lived up to our first ideals.

THE THEATRE'S uncontrolled and uncensored reviews of plays and players alike are fearless—and authoritative; its pages always clean of text or other matter that might be considered objectionable.

### *A New Feature*

As the field has broadened, we have added from time to time new features to keep you informed of every angle of the theatre and the stage.

Not so long ago we added "The Movies"—to the lure of which all the great artists have capitulated long since—and now we are going to give you "What Is Going On in Vaudeville." "A distinct departure," you will say, but, like the "movies," the vaudeville houses have been steadily acquiring a new dignity, which demands recognition.

Some years ago it was beneath the dignity of the great artists to appear in the vaudeville houses—to-day it soars above the tawdry ambition of the chorus girl who has passed the 115-pound mark, and who is looking around for a profitable ending of her career.

We add this new department to the magazine in response to many letters soliciting our opinion of the new era in vaudeville, and, like all human beings, we love to utter our opinions.

### *Footlight Fashions*

Have you ever wondered how the actress contrives always to be a little, sometimes a year, ahead of the styles? By what method of thought she can say, "This will be a successful gown," "That is a style that will not last?"

Well, we have. And inasmuch as THE THEATRE—being of the theatre, and actresses and actors—allows a delightfully close (editorially close, we mean) friendship with some of the loveliest and beautifully hatted and exquisitely gowned women of the stage—we went behind the scenes and asked them—"Sst!! How is it done?"

And it's just as simple.

That is, we have found after much sleuthing on the trail of style, fashion, la mode, behind the scenes and behind the screens of the boudoir, that each great star says, nay, she *swears* it is simple.

So, hereafter the simple recipe of at least one of them will be told you each month, by photo and the written word in "Footlight Fashions."

Moreover, and this is a deep, dark secret, we will tell you where you can acquire just as beautiful gowns, hats, lingerie, boots, shoes and hose—so near to the style of the $300 draperies of your stellar favorite that even *she* could not carp at them—for Oh! ever so much less money.

And here is another little point for the clever dresser.

Beginning with the March issue, we have given you a series of interviews with prominent society women, by "Mlle. Manhattan"—a pen name which conceals the identity of a well-known society woman. In the April issue she told you about the new dance frock which Mrs. Astor had created for wear at one of her own dances. These clever society women frankly admit that most of their inspiration for frocks comes from the stage. Why shouldn't you acquire yours from the same source?

### *Who's Who at the Opening Nights*

Well, who *is* she?

The last time you went to a "first night" at the opera, you remember somebody was making Italian love to Geraldine Farrar on the stage and she was answering him in liquid song.

All the time, we say—

You were gazing at the tall, slender woman in the third box—or was it the fourth—in the first tier?

"Who *is* she? What a gown! Who do you suppose made it—we *beg* your pardon, we would never make clever fashion writers—*created* it?"

And to whom is she talking, that beautiful young girl completely and substantially backed by a very motheriness of mama, a newly engaged — embarrassed — delighted young man, and glitteringly flanked on the left by a platinum and diamond glitter?

Ah! Yes! *There* she is. Who? Why, Mlle. Manhattan. There in the box talking to the tall, slender woman in the lovely gown. And before she leaves she will know just where the gowns came from, just what they're made of, the latest fad in everything, when the wedding is going to be—she will even arrange to go on a shopping trip with the little bride-elect.

Do they *know* she writes for THE THEATRE. Of *course* they do, and they think it such a lark to tell her of things, because, you see, she's one of them.

And the month following any one of the first nights—and first nights are always glitteringly gowned—you will read in THE THEATRE the names of all the "who-who's," who were there and what they wore, whom they were with and all those little ideas in dress that go to make the feminine life possible and the dressmaker prosperous.

### *The July Cover*

Our July cover will be a truly delightful photo of Mary Pickford—best gown and all—in all the original colors of her own dainty self and her daintier costume.

Not very long ago Mary Pickford and her very best friend, *i. e.*, her mother, called on the editor of THE THEATRE and had quite a little chat with him.

Such an interesting little chat with such a beautiful little "chatter" could have but one end.

The editor promptly arranged to reproduce the lovely little "chatter" on the July cover of THE THEATRE.

### *An Important Series of Autobiographies*

The actor you have always admired, and your favorite actress. How often have you said: "I wonder what they are like off the stage, what their lives have been and what was the occasion of their first appearance? I wonder what was the determining influence that turned their steps toward the stage?"

We, THE THEATRE, are about to betray them.

You see, some of our readers have been asking questions.

"When did Billie Burke——?"

"How did Martha Hedman——?"

"Why—?" "Where—?" and so on

They have asked so *many* questions and asked them so often that we have at last awakened to a sense of our duty.

Autobiographies of prominent people are always delightful.

When "Mme. ———," our beloved opera singer, married you-know-whom, we remember with what joy we questioned her when next she called to see us. We were even bold enough to say, "Is this really your first romance?"

And with bated breath we listened when she was kind enough to ignore our intrusion, and said, "Well, you see, when I first dreamed of singing in grand opera——"

And, to be brief, you are to read all these stories in autobiographical form yourself in THE THEATRE.

They are being prepared now, and will appear as fast as we can complete them in future numbers of THE THEATRE.

The announcement of the first of the series will be on this page several months in advance, so it would behoove you to keep an eye on it.

### *The Shakespeare Number*

The April number of THE THEATRE in commemoration of Shakespeare's Tercentenary was such an unqualified success that we have sold out the first issue. We were glad to note among our readers a real love and knowledge of the great English poet. So many letters came to us asking for this issue, long after we were without a single extra copy, that in the interest of our readers and our pocket-book we printed a reissue of it as fast as presses would fly.

Those who desire to secure additional copies may remit 35 cents direct to this office. We shall gladly fill orders while the supply lasts.

### WE BELIEVE

*that anticipation is one of the real joys of life. We enjoy, with a brand new pleasure each month, the planning of each new issue as it comes along. You too will find a like pleasure in knowing what "treasure" we have in store for you in the months ahead. So from now on we are going to tell you of our plans in advance. Just consider this page in the future, a nice large expensive bill-board leased by us to announce coming attractions.*

*And if you do not like the picture we paint with imagination's own colors on our "pretend" bill-board won't you write to us, as we in our friendliness are writing to you, and tell us just what kind of news of The Theatre you would like us to print.*

June 1916

Photo White

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

### WHAT TO SEE AT THE THEATRES

ASTOR. "The Cohan Revue 1916." Clever and well-staged revue, burlesquing all the popular Broadway successes.

BANDBOX. Washington Square Players in Tchekov's "The Sea-Gull."

BELASCO. "The Boomerang." Amusing comedy, cleverly acted by Martha Hedman, Wallace Eddinger and other favorites.

BOOTH. "The Co-Respondent." Irene Fenwick as a star in a new and interesting play.

CANDLER. "Justice." John Galsworthy's notable play of prison life admirably acted and staged.

CASINO. "The Blue Paradise." A merry musical play.

CENTURY. "The Tempest." Shakespeare's play presented with a notable cast.

COHAN. "Pom-Pom." Charming Mitzi Hajos in a sparkling comic opera full of life and color.

CORT. "Molly O." A new operetta, presented by John Cort.

DANSE DE FOLLIES. Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic." Beautiful girls, attractive costumes, and elaborate scenery in this new frolic which is a feast to the eye.

ELTINGE. "Fair and Warmer." Farce, full of wit and humor. Highly amusing.

FULTON. "A Woman of No Importance." Margaret Anglin and Holbrook Blinn in Oscar Wilde's play.

GAIETY. "Erstwhile Susan." Mrs. Fiske in the rôle of an elocution teacher in a play founded on the novel, "Barnabetta."

HARRIS. "Hit-the-Trail Holliday." Prohibition play in which George M. Cohan, the author, makes facetious use of Billy Sundayism.


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### WHAT TO SEE AT THE THEATRES

HIPPODROME. "Hip-Hip-Hooray." Sumptuous spectacle, full of novel surprises, and with a beautiful ballet on skates.

HUDSON. "The Cinderella Man." A whimsical four-act comedy with Shelley Hull and Phoebe Foster in the cast.

LIBERTY. "Sybil." Those popular stars, Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn in a new musical play.

LONGACRE. "The Great Lover." Leo Ditrichstein in a highly successful romantic comedy of grand opera life.

LYRIC. "Katinka." A typical musical play by the authors of "High Jinks" and "The Firefly."

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "A Lady's Name." Marie Tempest as star in a sparkling comedy by Cyril Harcourt.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Sir Herbert Tree in a production of the Shakespeare comedy.

PRINCESS. "Very Good Eddie." Musical piece founded on the farce "Over Night." Well produced.

PUNCH AND JUDY. "Treasure Island." A creditable performance of the dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's well-known story "Treasure Island."

REPUBLIC. "Common Clay." Sociological drama, highly dramatic, affording Jane Cowl emotional opportunities. Rather weak ending.

SHUBERT. "If I Were King." E. H. Sothern in farewell performances of Justin Huntley McCarthy's romantic comedy, ably supported by Alexandra Carlisle.

39TH STREET. "Beau Brummell." Arnold Daly in a revival of Clyde Fitch's play.

WINTER GARDEN. "Robinson Crusoe, Jr." Al Jolson in a new production well up to the standard of this playhouse.

### THE COVER:

**Portrait in Colors of Miss Kitty Gordon**

Kitty Gordon made her first appearance on the stage at the Apollo Theatre, London September 7, 1901, as Olivia in "Kitty Grey." In November, 1902, she was seen at the same theatre as Nancy in "The Girl from Kay's." Later she appeared in "The Duchess of Dantzic," "Veronique," "Nelly Neil," "The Three Kisses," "The Antelope" and "The Dollar Princess." Subsequently she went to America and made her début in this country at the Casino in 1909 in "The Girl and the Wizard." After that she appeared in "Alma Where Do You Live?" "La Belle Paree," "The Enchantress," and this season she has been at the Winter Garden. At present she is touring in vaudeville.

**CONTRIBUTORS**—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in The Theatre. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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# THE THEATRE

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White

SIR HERBERT TREE AS SHYLOCK AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

# Heard Here and There

**Antonio's Flesh** On the second night of "The Merchant of Venice," at the New Amsterdam, Lyn Harding, who plays the title rôle in the Shakespearean comedy, startled the spectators by appearing before them with a rent in his sable black hose. Shylock was denied Antonio's pound of flesh, but the audience was treated to a few inches of it.

* * *

**Disappointed** The interest shown in Sir Herbert Tree's New York engagement proves that Shakespeare can still attract intelligence and culture to the playhouse—also persons who are not quite so cultured. During the run of "Henry VIII" a bored-looking gentleman in evening dress paused before a frame of pictures in the lobby, gave an admiring glance at the lovely damsels in abbreviated skirts therein and asked with great animation: "Is this what we're going to see?" "No, dear," replied the lady with him. "Those are pictures of 'Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic,' not Henry VIII."

* * *

**Forestry** Mrs. Langtry has a gay little wit of her own. A few days ago Hartley Manners, who first came to America as a member of Mrs. Langtry's company, was reading a letter he had just received from an amateur who wished to become a member of the company headed by Mr. Manners' wife, Laurette Taylor. The screed concluded with the rather inconsequent remark that in addition to other strongly dramatic tastes, the writer was deeply interested in forestry. "I think, since he's fond of that sort of thing, I'll send him to Tree," said Mr. Manners. "Oh, 'spare that Tree,'" cried Mrs. Langtry, "give him a letter to A. H. Woods."

* * *

**The Lambs' Auction Sale** The auction sale of seats for the Lambs' Gambol took place on May 8th and 12th last at the Hudson. Colonel James Elverson of Philadelphia bought the first box. A syndicate of Lambs purchased the second box at a premium of $900, and then the premiums graded down to $725, $550, $350, $325, $300 and $100. David Warfield and Frank Tinney were the chief auctioneers. Mr. Tinney made such a convincing talk that he persuaded himself into paying $300 for a box. The highest price paid for single seats was $50 each for the choice of orchestra chairs. J. Brulator was the purchaser. Among those who paid fancy prices for boxes were Herbert Kaufman, Joseph Grismer, Percy G. Williams, S. Baruch, Stevenson Scott, and B. J. Greenhut. The premiums totaled $20,000. Rather good mint sauce for the Lamb!

* * *

**The Players' Mite** Does the public appreciate what unselfish contributions actors and singers often make to the noble cause of charity? At the benefit for the Actors' Fund of America on May 16th last, the artists included Geraldine Farrar, Fritz Kreisler, Godowsky, Scotti, Botta and others besides the orchestra of 60 musicians under the leadership of Polacco. Had they been paid the salary list would have totalled $9,000.

* * *

**The Granados Benefit** At the benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House for the orphans of M. and Mme. Granados, who perished on the *Sussex*, the artists who donated their services free were Fritz Kreisler, Pablo Casals, Paderewski, John McCormack, Julia Culp, and Maria Barrientos. If these artists received the fees they usually get the amount would total $7,500.

* * *

**Feminism** Olga Petrova has written a feminist comedy which she calls 'Salvation." I am under the pledge of secrecy regarding the theme, but may say that the play has nothing to do with religion.

* * *

**A Movie Exposition** What makes a motion picture exposition? Observations drawn from Exhibitors' Week at Grand Central Palace and the Motion Picture Board of Trade's occupancy of Madison Square Garden: 1—A liberal appropriation for advertising to attract the public. 2—Rows of booths from which blonde young women distribute souvenirs. 3—More rows of booths similarly employed. 4—Visitors asking, "Where are the stars?" 5—J. Stuart Blackton discussing the iniquities of censorship. 6—Music by an orchestra and six mechanical instruments, each playing a different tune. 7—Publicity promoters watching the tactics of other publicity promoters. 8—Buncombe.

* * *

**An Actor Honored** It was a long time before the British Crown recognized the stage in its distribution of birthday honors. Then they fell so fast that the distinction became somewhat confused. But King George did himself proud when, at a recent big benefit for a war charity on the historic stage of Drury Lane, he knighted F. R. Benson for his distinguished services in Shakespearean behalf. Since Phelps no man has done more to exploit the beauty and value of the Bard's immortal works. A sound actor, it is more as a teacher in developing actors for the legitimate stage that Benson distinguishes himself, while from Land's End to John O'Groats he has made it possible for the Englishman to familiarize himself with almost every one of the thirty-seven plays. In conferring the honor, it justifies the quotation: "It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

* * *

**New Hope for the Century** In taking over the Century Theatre, the most expensive of artistic failures, Charles B. Dillingham and Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., have outlined plans that should mean the elimination of waste space. Musical comedy in the auditorium, dancing on the roof, a restaurant, lounging and club rooms, will bring light into places for a long time dark. Make every foot of floor space pay for itself, is the business-like motto of the new lessees. With the Hippodrome safely transferred from the debit to the credit side of the ledger, Mr. Dillingham is free for the present task. His guesses at what the public wants have been pretty good of late.

* * *

**Moving to Broadway** Emboldened by press laudation and friendly patronage, the Washington Square Players have resolved to grow up. Leaving the unpretentious Bandbox Theatre behind them and finding a new home at the Comedy, they enter the zone of Broadway's "commercial managers." Perhaps the experience will breed a more tolerant comprehension of professionals and even a little respect for those whose shortcomings are not covered by the cloak of charity.

* * *

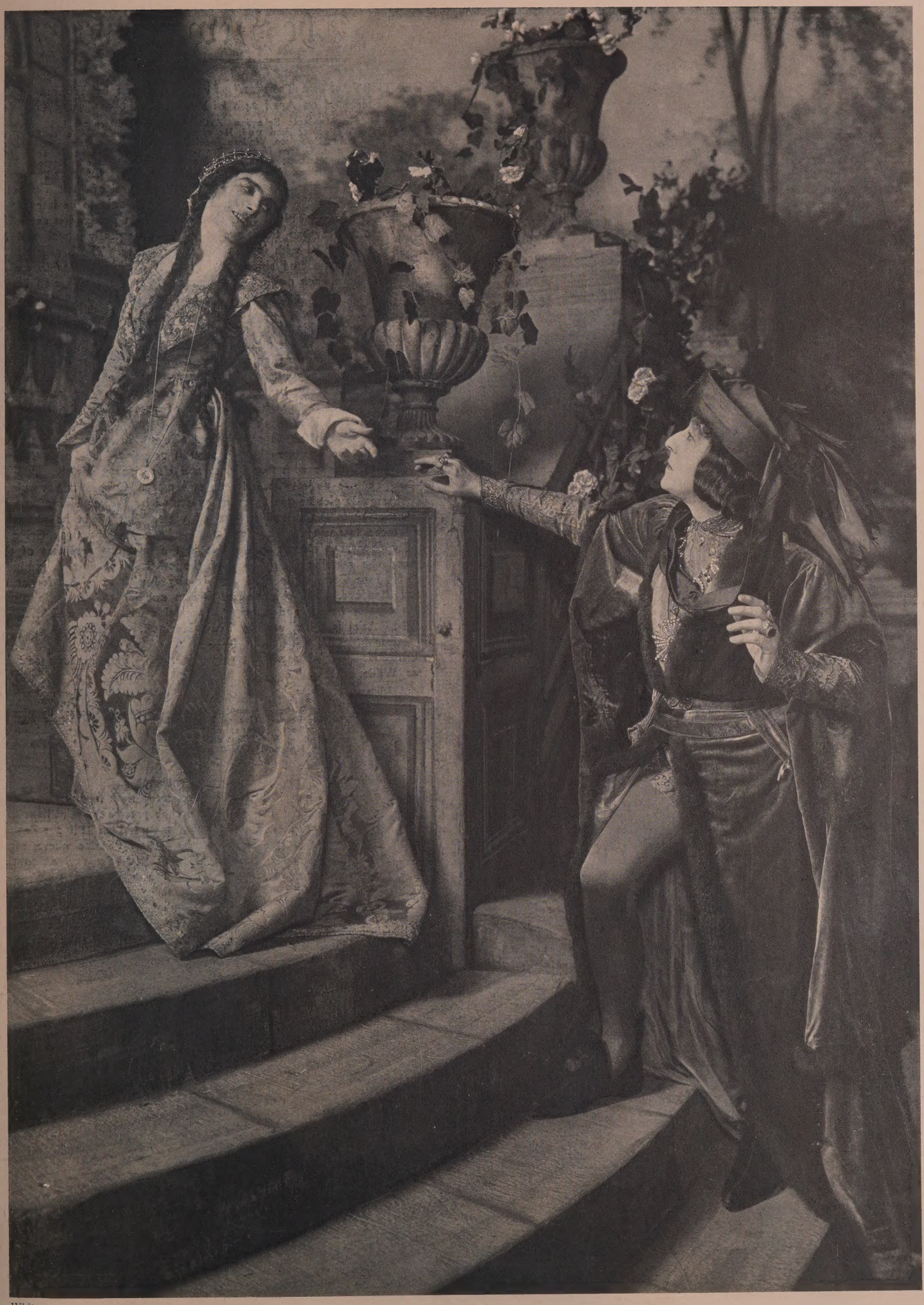
**A Live Play** According to no theory of dramatic construction is Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance" a good play; yet it remains very much alive when the well-made plays of its day are dead. Stage mechanics become rusty and out of date, while bright dialogue retains its sparkle. Possessing cleverness and a knowledge of life, a dramatist seems pretty safe in allowing others to worry about the tricks of the trade, which change every few years.

* * *

**Unfortunate** After trying in two New York seasons to duplicate her London triumph, Phyllis Neilson-Terry may point to but one success—"Trilby." With this single exception the choice of plays for her appearance, from "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" to "The Great Pursuit" has been unfortunate. Here is a striking instance of a gifted, pleasing actress hopelessly handicapped in her efforts to win the American public.

* * *

**Notice of Funeral Later** William Harris, who is in the cast of E. H. Sothern's revival of "If I Were King," at the Shubert Theatre, and has been a member of Mr. Sothern's company for many seasons, once played Buckingham to the Queen Katherine of Charlotte Cushman in "Henry VIII." The Cushman version of the play ended with the death of the Queen. In a one-night stand down South the play was brought to the usual finish and the curtain rung down, but not a soul out in front showed the slightest intention of leaving the theatre. Seeing Mr. Harris standing in the first entrance in his street clothes, Miss Cushman asked him to step before the curtain and tell the audience that the performance was over. Mr. Harris performed his task in the following manner and with befitting solemnity of voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, the death of Queen Katherine concludes the performance. If you are waiting for the funeral, I am sorry to inform you that it will not take place until next week."



White

Alexandra Carlisle E. H. Sothern

**SCENE IN "IF I WERE KING" IN WHICH MR. SOTHERN PLAYED HIS FAREWELL TO THE STAGE**

HOLBROOK BLINN AND MARGARET ANGLIN
In "A Woman of No Importance" recently at the Fulton

Photos White

NORMAN TREVOR AND IRENE FENWICK
In "The Co-Respondent" seen at the Booth

# The New Plays

CENTURY. "THE TEMPEST." Play in five acts by William Shakespeare. Presented on April 24th with this cast:

Alonzo, Edwin Mordant; Sebastian, Arthur Grenville; Prospero, Louis Calvert; Antonio, Frank Westerton; Ferdinand, Henry Stanford; Gonzalo, Frederick Esmelton; Adrian, Boyd Clarke; Francisco, Wallace Brooks; Caliban, Walter Hampden; Trinculo, Cecil Yapp; Stephano, George Hassell; Boatswain, Reginald Barlow; Miranda, Jane Grey; Ariel, Fania Marinoff; Iris, Isabel Merson; Ceres, Elizabeth Merson; Juno, Agnes Robinson.

Booked for a nominal run of two weeks the revival of "The Tempest," at the Century Theatre, gives promise of a career only to be interrupted by too hot weather. This is as it should be. As a production according to the best Elizabethan traditions it is archæologically novel and instructive. It is acted with intelligence and capacity. The beauty of the fantasy, publicly unacted since 1869, gives it a novelty that lovers of true poetry have been quick to appreciate. It is a splendid step in the right direction for it proves that the best can be presented with satisfying completeness, actual and implied, without the expenditure of great sums of money. This opens up a field of dramatic literature, vast in extent and interest which otherwise would go to waste because the expense created by modern extravagant demands would make such experiments commercially impossible. Messrs. Corbin and Calvert, backed by the Drama Society, have in this production rendered a real service to the stage; while through its method of presentation the entire integrity of the text is secured.

The acting throughout is capable and efficient, in spots brilliantly excellent. Prospero is a very human portrait as painted by Louis Calvert, who, as usual, reads with fine fluency and elocutionary variety. A little more mysterious majesty would help still more. Caliban is a repulsive and grotesquely picturesque figure as presented by Walter Hampden, who also understands the valued rhythm of verse. But might he not be a shade more menacing? The drunken Stephano and the tipsy Grinculo are Shakespearean clowns to the life in the unctuous drollness of the one and the metallic incisiveness of the other. The fair Miranda is acted by Jane Grey, while Ferdinand is played with impulsive fervor by Henry Stanford. The shipwrecked Italian nobility and their followers are in capable hands, and a bright, fanciful spirited and well wrought sketch of Ariel is contributed by Fania Marinoff.

---

FULTON. "A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE." Play in four acts by Oscar Wilde. Revived on April 24th with this cast:

Lord Illingworth, Holbrook Blinn; Sir John Pontefract, Max Montesole; Lord Alfred Rufford, Lionel Pape; Mr. Kelvill, M.P., Ivan T. Simpson; The Ven. Archdeacon Daubney, D.D., Richard Temple; Gerald Arbuthnot, George Le Guere; Farquhar, Ralph Kemmet; Francis, George Thorne; Lady Hunstanton, Fanny Addison Pitt; Lady Caroline Pontefract, Marguerite St. John; Lady Stutfield, Alice Lindahl; Mrs. Allonby, Annie Hughes; Miss Hester Worsley, Ottola Nesmith; Alice, Carolyn Darling; Mrs. Arbuthnot, Margaret Anglin.

Suppose Oscar Wilde did, in his theatrical compositions, with a somewhat labored technic, make use of conventional situations? The fact remains that though his plays were written more than twenty years ago, they have by the sheer force of their verbal preciosity, scintillant wit and mordant satire retained a vitality that makes them still a potential dramatic force. This is in evidence at the Fulton Theatre where, after a long sleep, "A Woman of no Importance" has been revived to the genuine delight of large audiences.

Margaret Anglin is the "woman" in the title. She is the mother of a youth of twenty-one, the natural son of Lord Illingworth, a bold, contained aristocrat who came into his title after he abandoned the woman he wronged. Miss Anglin acts with her accustomed authority and feeling. As Illingworth Mr. Holbrook Blinn better suggests a successful American Captain of industry than a haughty member of the House of Peers. Theatrically he is effective. The really brilliant personations are contributed by two women: Fanny Addison Pitt, as the aged Lady Hunstanton, and Marguerite St. John as Lady Caroline Pontefract. They are compositions that reflect the true spirit of the play's environment. The son who has his emotional troubles in endeavoring to reconcile the differences of his parents is earnestly acted by George Le Guere.

Most of the remaining rôles are mere thumb-nail sketches of polite society. That they are deftly presented goes without saying. Their exponents are such capable players as Max Montesole, Lionel Pape, Ivan T. Simpson, Richard Temple, Alice Lindahl, Annie Hughes and Ottola Nesmith.

---

CORT. "BEAU BRUMMELL." Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Revived on April 24th with this cast:

Prince of Wales, E. J. Ratcliffe; Lord Manly, Stanley Dark; Beau Brummell, Arnold Daly; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Herbert Percy; Reginald Courtney, William Raymond; Oliver Vincent, Rowland Buckstone; Mr. Abrahams, Roland Rushton; Mortimer, Edgar Norton; Bendon, T. Vail; Simpson E. V. Coleman; Duchess of Leamington, Vivienne Whittaker; Lady Farthingale, Gladys Morris; Mrs. St. Aubyn, Katharine Kaelred; Mariana Vincent, Roma June; Kathleen, Eva Dennison; Landlady, Renee De Monvil.

The life of a play is not necessarily limited to twenty-six years (the time that has elapsed since the first production of "Beau Brummell") or

any number of years. "The School for Scandal," by Sheridan, one of the characters in the Fitch-Mansfield-Winter play, is sufficient refutation of such an assumption. It all depends. "Beau Brummell" is just as good and just as bad a play as it ever was, but somehow it holds us less than it used to. Possibly the acting has something to do with it. The historical material, and perhaps fragments of the actual play, were about a hundred years old to begin with, all of which, including authorship, is immaterial to a living audience witnessing a living play. The story and action are exceedingly slight, everything about it superficial, and yet satisfactory for the purpose when well acted. In it we see a character, with Mansfield largely translated into "business," whose thoughts were on clothes and whose honesty was questionable in the matter of paying tradesmen. If not a cad he was a snob. Clyde Fitch, we imagine, tried to soften all this, by making him fall in love with a girl whom he starts out to marry for the sake of her money and by having him die miserably, in a garret, in exile. Fitch was looking for character in incident, Mansfield provided the character in "business," wonderfully elaborated and detailed. This was done, no doubt, by a working arrangement between them in the preparation of the play. Mansfield never chose a part better adapted to the display of his virtuosity in acting and his close observation of manners. To be a Beau Brummell one must be a man of audacity; he must have the authority not only of taste and intellectual force, but of manliness. Physically, in stature, he must not be much short of about five feet nine. He must have an ingratiating voice, full and velvety. With a thin, piping voice he would not get very far. His clothes would lose authority the minute he opened his mouth. Sometimes "parts" die with actors, but that need not be the case where the part of character has substance in it.

Mr. Arnold Daly does many things much better than he does Brummell. He wore an atrocious wig and he lacked the grand manner and authority with which Mansfield invested the rôle. He did not strike a genuine note until he is found starving in the garret at Calais and then there was a tendency to overact. In this last scene the Beau sees in his delirium the Prince and his old associates making merry at table. The effect is had by a scene visible through a screen. Beau Brummell should have his back to this and not face it.

The supporting cast, with the exceptions of Mr. Norton who, as the valet, recalled memories of W. J. Ferguson's unforgettable Mortimer, and of Roma June, who made a sweet and sympathetic Mariana, left much to be desired. Rowland Buckstone made too gross a caricature of the part of Vincent, and E. J. Ratcliffe did not lend distinction to the Prince of Wales. Katherine Kaelred wore the clothes, but in manner hardly suggested the woman of quality and fashion.

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NEW AMSTERDAM. "The Merchant of Venice." Play in three acts by William Shakespeare. Presented on May 8th with this cast:

Shylock, Herbert Tree; Bassanio, Julian L'Estrange; Antonio, Lyn Harding; Gratiano, Schuyler Ladd; Duke of Venice, Walter Douglas; Prince of Morocco, Claude Beerbohm; Prince of Arragon, George Hayes; Salanio, Craig Ward; Salarino, Gerald Hamer; Salerio, Edward A. Forbes; Lorenzo, Eric Maxon; Tubal, Henry Herbert; Launcelot Gobbo, Cecil King; Old Gobbo, Douglas Ross; Leonardo, James Smythe; Balthazar, Alfred Shirley; Stephano, George G. Carr; Clerk of the Court, A. E. Smithson; Jessica, Auriel Lee; Nerissa, Nell Compton; Portia, Elsie Ferguson.

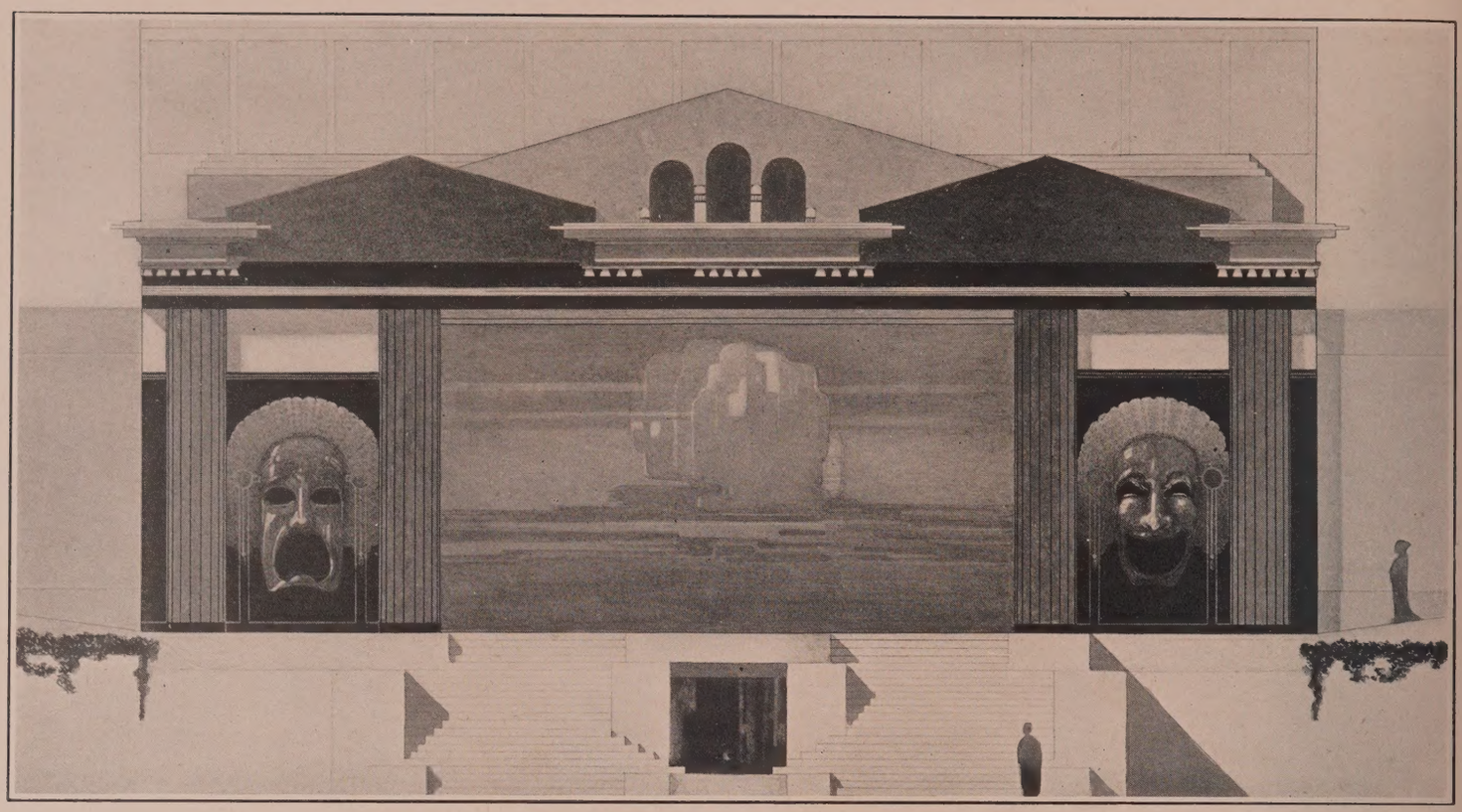
Booth, Barrett, Bandmann, Irving, Adler, Mantell, Goodwin, Mansfield, Sothern, and Forbes-Robertson are some of the noted players who within the last twenty-five years have enacted Shylock on the Metropolitan boards. Now comes Sir Herbert Tree at the New Amsterdam to demonstrate what his personal views are in the delineation of the Jew.

Comparison in established rôles is not an odious operation. Standards indicating a specific ideal are topped, equalled or not reached by all who enter the competitive lists. Comparison is necessary to establish values of artistic achievement. In the above enumeration of those who have donned the Jewish gabardine, three stand out pre-eminently: Booth as the exponent of a big tragic note; Irving emphasizing the avenging of a deep racial indignity, and Mansfield as the venomous expression of a malignant money lender. Each has its authority in the text. Sir Herbert's conception and realization is an almost original creation. His impersonation is that of a common or garden usurer of the Ghetto. There is no underlying romance, save that contributed by occasional flashes denoting the typical Jew's reverence for his traditional religious obligations and his deep and abiding domestic sense. But dirty as he outwardly is, there is a fine note of Oriental picturesqueness, physical and mental, in the drawing. The hands play a wonderfully illuminative part. Much of the business is entirely novel. As, for instance, when he discovers his daughter's elopement. Tree here rends his garment and pours ashes on his head, uttering the meanwhile half-mumbled Hebraic lamentations to an accompaniment of characteristic gestures, betokening rage, horror, regret and venom. The trial scene is enacted in the spirit of the profound conviction of the surety and justice of his cause. The tone is colloquial, the method theatrical, but convincing. The conclusion is one of defiance, breathed (*Continued on page* 366)

White — Shylock (Sir Herbert Tree) — Portia (Elsie Ferguson) — Antonio (Lyn Harding) — Bassanio (Julian L'Estrange)

Act IV. Portia: "This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood."

TRIAL SCENE IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE



STAGE DESIGNED BY JOSEPH URBAN FOR THE SHAKESPEARE MASQUE AT THE CITY COLLEGE STADIUM

The stage proper is sixty feet wide. The total width here shown is more than one hu ndred feet. Concealing the inner stage is the famous cloudy curtain which Mr. Urban has devised for the Masque. It is made of innumerable layers of gauze so played upon by the lights as to give atmospheric effect. On either side are the two traditional theatrical masks, one of tragedy and the other of comedy. From these in the final pageant the procession of the theatre will emerge Beneath the stage is Caliban's cave.

# Permanent Theatre for Shakespeare Plays

ACCORDING to plans discussed at a dinner given by Mr. Otto H. Kahn at Sherry's, on May 4th last, to the Mayor's Committee of the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration, New York City is to have a playhouse devoted to the Shakespearean drama. In control of the theatre will be an organization made up of artists, scholars, philanthropists, educators, authors, and others who will endeavor to bring Shakespeare to the place he ought to occupy on the American stage. The idea of such a theatre grew out of the unexpected response made by the people of New York to the appeal of the Tercentenary Celebration. Some 2,000 organizations and institutions have taken part in the Shakespeare Celebration in this city alone. The motion to organize a committee was made by James M. Beck, ex-assistant Attorney General. It was seconded by Morris Hillquit, the socialist leader. The motion was as follows:

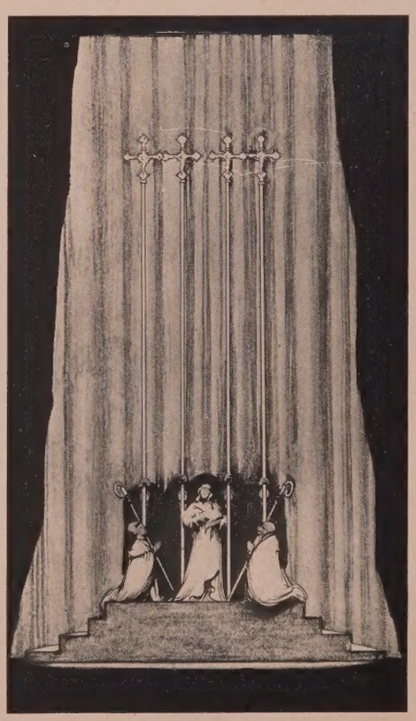
Whereas, The attendance at the various Shakespeare performances during the past theatrical season and the widespread interest displayed in the Shakespeare Tercentenary celebration have demonstrated that the people in all walks of life are ready to respond to the appeal of serious art; and,

Whereas, The Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration Committee has succeeded in enlisting the co-operation of a great many different organizations toward an adequate expression of the community spirit in art; and

Whereas, It appears desirable to perpetuate and enlarge such co-operation and to endeavor to give comprehensive expression, definite aim, and systematic guidance to what has heretofore been mainly indeterminate aspiration and sporadic and scattered effort, be it

Resolved, That the Mayor's Honorary Committee and the New York City Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration Committee constitute themselves into a permanent organization with power to add to their number in order to serve the cause of art, and more particularly that of the stage and of the pageant, and to foster and give expression to the community spirit and to community effort in art.

Further resolved, That the Chairman be directed to appoint a committee of not less than seven nor more than fifteen members for the purpose of devising ways and means to carry into effect the sense of this resolution, and that such committee report its recommendations and conclusions to a joint meeting of the Mayor's Honorary Committee and the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration Committee, such meeting to be called by the Chairman at as early a date as practicable.



"THE VISION OF ST. AGNES"

Fourth "inner scene" of the Shakespeare Masque, designed by Robert E. Jones. This picture which is "flashed" for less than a minute symbolizes the regeneration of the art of the theatre by the Christian Church after its degeneracy under imperial Rome. The crosses, beneath which St. Agnes stands, holding her lamb, are twenty-five feet high.

Mr. Augustus Thomas, Mr. Percy MacKaye, Mr. Otto H. Kahn, Dr. William E. Bohn and Miss Mary Porter Beegle were among the speakers at the dinner.

Mr. Kahn, in his opening address, said, that in spite of the theatrical managers, the proper antidote for the intense and busy life of New York City was not silly shows, but real art with the power to stir the soul; and that the profound popular interest in the Shakespeare Tercentenary had disproved the belief that public entertainment must be based on theories as to the taste of tired business men. He said that American brains and energy had during the century past been rightly directed to the physical conquest on the continent, but that the day of culture and ideals had come. He said that America, however, was now and had always been a country of ideals, and that idealism had always been more powerful here than the dollar. He then described in general terms the purposes for which the gathering had been called and notified the men and women of wealth present that they would be looked upon to help.

Mr. Thomas urged the establishment of a theatre largely but not exclusively for the plays of Shakespeare, with an organization behind it which should keep in touch with organizations for the study and acting of Shakespeare in all parts of the country. The organization should do its part, first of all for the professional stage, he said, for the reason that the professional stage had to be in its prime in order to have its full effect in stimulating the study of Shakespeare and the presentation of his plays by

# My Stage Life and Why It Is Worth While

By

GRACE GEORGE

© Moffett

GRACE GEORGE

I LIKED the stage. I wanted to act on the stage. Looking back upon my beginnings as a sixteen-year-old girl, just passed from a convent into a "ten, twenty, thirty" company playing "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," I am unable to give any other reason for my choice of this calling. And, no doubt, it is to the same natural love of plays and acting that the birth and maintenance of my repertory company is due. Being a woman, I like to have things done my way when I believe I am right. That's one of the satisfactions of managing a company. Then, too, the creative and executive faculties are brought into action and an actress becomes a better artist because she is a broader woman.

But more later about my experiences as manager of a permanent stock company on Broadway. First I want to sketch a background of many seasons spent in arriving at something that the public and dramatic critics have been kind enough to call significant. From the very start I liked it all. I liked the brick wall behind the proscenium; and the flapping canvas smelling of tempora; and the steep stairs leading to the gaunt dressing rooms; and the dressing rooms, when you got to them. It was to be several years ere my own dressing room would be number one on the ground floor of the stage. I didn't mind the draughts. I didn't care how many times I had to climb around the little curled tiers of stairs leading to dressing room number eight, or ten, or twelve.

I studied in Mr. Sargent's Dramatic School for one year. There are those who condemn the entire principles of dramatic schools. Such critics will assure you that a mere summer season spent playing in any ordinary stock company is a training far superior to that of the most expensive and exclusive dramatic course.

They are right. I am one of the rare instances of those who never acted in a stock company before organizing my own. Yet surely, the playing of parts for a salary which one must actually earn under professional direction, transcends in value the playing of parts where one pays a cash fee for the privilege. But how are you to get the chance to play in stock company parts? That's the trouble. No stock company is so humble that it will trust an inexperienced beginner with rôles long enough, or well-defined enough, to help make up the deficit of such experience. If once in a while you hear of an exception, it only proves the rule. Moreover, the exception had probably proved his or her mettle in local amateur productions.

There is a respectable list of well-known stage folk whose first dramatic school has been the amateur actors' club of their native town. When this club gave a performance of any pretension, it doubtless imported a professional director. No sooner has that happened than you have your paid dramatic school, informal though the arrangements may be. So it all amounts to about the same thing in the end—doesn't it?

My experience in plays given by the students of the Sargent School, carried me directly to travelling companies of the better sort. The late Charles Frohman gave me successive engagements which fitted me with parts, suited to my personality. I played young girls and young emotional heroines for a few years while I journeyed North and South and East and West. It seemed that I must know every town, the length and breadth of the nation that could boast a theatre.

It seems so, I say. A few years later when I had met and married Mr. Brady, himself a manager and producer, it appeared I was wrong. Naturally enough, Mr. Brady assumed direction of my theatrical career. He revealed a genius for finding towns of which no one had ever dreamed, tucked away in odd corners of the horizon. I think I may truly say I studied the dramatic art from every altitude—including the sea-level—and from every point of the compass.

Touring about like that is popularly regarded as arduous, even disagreeable. I did not find it so. I believe I have said that I have never in the least minded work—provided it is work connected in any way with the stage. If I knew how, I could build a stage-set with the same enthusiasm with which I act in one.

Travelling everywhere like that is often a real work, very unlike play, to be sure. But it is always closely interknit with what one might call the "message of one's art"—only I have a distaste for sounding phrases.

When you tour, you are learning things all

© Otto Sarony

as Louise in "The Two Orphans"

Bangs

as Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal"

Baker Art Gallery

as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing"

the time from all sorts of audiences. Each place sees you through its own local eye; and every local eye has a sharp spot, which is a blind spot in some other local eye. After a long time you extract some universal basic quality for your guidance. You get in touch with that old touch of nature which makes all the world akin.

The best things one does are the things that will move a spectator to a little laugh or a little cry in Oklahoma precisely as at our present Playhouse in New York City. There are certain luminous sincerities that find all the world equally responsive. In time you learn to lean upon these through all varying "atmospheres" and "subtleties" that attract the playgoing specialist only.

Of recent years I have become identified in the public mind as a comedienne. I am a comedienne by accident. It all came about, originally, through my love of a classic French play. I cannot say that earlier in my career I felt any more attracted to comedy than to any form of drama. There was, however, one comedy I had always adored. It was Sardou's "Divorçons." I used to carry about a little copy, in the original French, in my grip. French had become a familiar language, of course, in my convent days. Also, my mother who died so early I could scarcely remember her, was mixed French and Irish. Perhaps it was in my blood to like this dainty, sprightly masterpiece of a master French craftsman. At all events, I amused myself in idle moments translating it. After awhile, I had a complete version, all my own and almost without knowing how I had made it. Merely doing that, no doubt, had its share in helping me attain some of the art of the comedienne.

© Moffett

LILLIAN GREUZE
Popular member of the Théâtre Français, New York

And so at last, under my husband's management, and in the rôle of Cyprienne, I made what might be called my formal entry as a comedienne. Up to that time, I had been more or less of an emotionating lady, with many sobs in the offing. It was all a positively needed experience for making people laugh—sympathetically laugh, I mean, not harshly. When it comes to that, there are good hard swallows very near the surface in all good comedy. It is this quality that distinguishes legitimate humor from the so-called "slap-stick." In one of his last letters to Daniel Frohman, poor old Dion Boucicault called it "the smile floating in a tear."

Thus I became a comedienne through loyalty for an old comedy, and the cherishing of that loyalty through long years when I was trying to acquire a technique that might do it justice. As I have mentioned, this technique which made people laugh, differed little, or not at all, from the technique which had made them cry. It was just a question of sincere characterization. Sardou had arranged all the laughs ready in waiting for the actress who had learned enough about all kinds of acting to realize and present the part.

"The New York Idea," by Langdon Mitchell, had a precisely similar share in what I suppose I'll have to call "my development." I adored "The New York Idea" unremittingly for ten years, and placed it first among my productions at the Playhouse during the past season. When the comedy was first given a decade ago, a few people said: "How clever," precisely as they say it when somebody has done a neat foxtrot. Then they passed on their way. But I never for a moment forgot "The New York Idea"; nor did I forget its wistful, petulant, typically feminine Cynthia Karslake. The first glimpse of her had touched me. The story of which she was the centre had swept me off my feet with something back of it all that I felt went far deeper than its surface brilliance. I wanted to play Cynthia, when everything should be ready. Or rather, I wanted to produce the play in a way to make other people realize its importance, if I possibly could.

It was, you see, a much bigger thing to establish an unestablished comedy like that, than it had been to succeed personally in an acknowledged masterpiece like "Divorçons." All the acting and producing experience possible would be none too much.

Nor had the ten year route from "Divorçons" to "The New York Idea" been easy. There had been, for instance, an intermediate station: The New York revival of Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Truth." Playing that study of small lying and foolish deception, had been like subjecting your comedienne's art to a searchlight. To get the sympathy of the audience, coupled with its amusement, you had to sweat blood. Explaining how one did it, would require a book, which, after all, would boil down to the simplest statement. One did it by being just as simple and sincere as one could. The heroine, you see, was a congenital liar, who was yet simple and sincere.

But before that there had been the various New York appearances in modern plays of widely divergent types. And in the midst of all this, there had been at least five years more spent on the road and in a constant production of plays which we never even brought into New York; all kinds of plays; comedy, and tragedy, and melodrama.

And now, added to the work of going from place to place, was added the work of rehearsals; of new scenic mounting, of acid tests to interest or merit applied, to-night in a great city, to-morrow, in a mountain hamlet. I had had New York success as a comedienne, but not yet was mine the royal road. Nor is it unto this day. There is ceaseless, if inspiring drudgery in trying to be your own leading lady and selecting and producing the plays in which you believe.

From early morning until noon you are consulting with decorators, and furniture men and scene builders and carpenters and publicity men and house managers and treasurers and secretaries. That is not the full list, but will indicate the nature of the confronting problems. All afternoon you are rehearsing the new play, whatever it is to be. The fact that you are in a manner the proprietor of this play, gives you a feverish interest mingled with anxiety. You feel that with you some great work like say, this "New York Idea," may stand or fall.

You have to develop a comedy spirit, when you shoulder responsibilities like that! Anything other than a comedy spirit would wear you out. Not long ago I tried to put into rehearsal a very gloomy problem play. Neither my own vitalities nor those of my company were equal to it. Our depressed spirits rebelled. Even performances of the play we were already giving began to lack ginger. We had to give that gloomy play up.

I should like to make one point concerning the personal problem in the building of a comedienne, using "The Truth" as an illustration. I never liked playing in "The Truth," much as I liked the exquisite atmosphere Mr. Ames has brewed in his Little Theatre, both before the curtain and behind it. Undoubtedly, however, "The Truth" is a valuable contribution to the building of a comedienne. Mr. Fitch, its author, once told me that he considered "The Truth" a much greater play in its first two acts than in the remainder. From the point of view of the actress the exact opposite is the case. Becky, his heroine, is given a black eye by two social gossips who hold the stage at the rising of the curtain, before the poor heroine has any chance at all. The audience is ready to believe her capable of anything and to dislike her, before she makes her first appearance. Not until along in the third act does the author reveal her as endurable. Until this, she must do the work herself.

Fitch wrote the play for charming Clara Bloodgood, whose end was so tragic during the season in which she played it. I think he intended the test of giving her a bad character, with the audi-

SOME BEAUTIFUL POSES OF BARNARD STUDENTS AS THEY APPEARED IN GREEK GAMES AT THE COLLEGE RECENTLY

Photos Ira L. Hill's Studio

determined to gain the practical knowledge necessary for the task.

Before organizing my company last fall, I had formulated a policy with a view to making it stand for something individual and definite in the artistic life of New York. In carrying the thing through successfully, as I believe we have, I feel repaid for the busiest year of my life.

The problems of a manager, added to those of a star, are manifold. To make my company distinctive the finding of distinctive plays was essential, which meant the reading of many manuscripts and correspondence with playwrights, who, by the way, have changed considerably since the days of the Daly stock company, when long runs and correspondingly high royalties were not in vogue. Of course, there were no set rules governing the choice of plays, but I never lost sight of one fact. Our appeal was to cultivated minds ready to respond to thoughtful humor and the little ironies and tragedies of modern social life.

I wanted to give Broadway a theatrical institution that could be counted upon, week after week, and month after month, for entertainment of this type, as opposed to melodrama, farce and musical comedy. Each of the five plays I produced has a literary, as well as dramatic quality, something that can be said for few of our productions.

Then came the problem of engaging versatile actors capable of making these plays more interesting on the stage than in the library, for all have been published. I had to select the actors, oversee the staging, direct rehearsals, consider the arrangement of the repertory and advertising policies, and one hundred and one bothersome details, not to mention the development and costuming of my own parts. If by any chance a free hour loomed ahead, I generally found the photog-

(*Continued on page 366*)

ence, as a supreme proof of Miss Bloodgood's all conquering personal magnetism, in which he intensely believed. He wanted to show how attractive she would remain in the face of the hardest odds. How thankless seem such things! No comedienne will feel she is magnetic enough not to need all the little adventitious aids the playwright can give her. He must at least start her out right. When he doesn't, she has uphill work of it, trying to make the public like her. But, of course, it's fine comedienne's training.

It is this endless facing of acting problems like this, coupled with the love of the work, in all possible moods, that builds the comedienne; that stimulates, enthuses, and makes it all worth while, all of every day.

But I wanted to be more than a comedienne, more than an actress. For a long while I dreamed of the day when I could have my own company of players on Broadway, in plays of my own selection.

During the years of which I have written, I did more than learn my own parts. I studied theatrical production and all that it entails, from the box office to the handling of property boys. Somehow I felt that the time was coming when I could carry out my ideals and I

Photo Arnold Genthe

MARGARET ANGLIN AS ROSALIND

# Margaret Anglin Heads One Thousand Players

*St. Louis celebrates the Shakespeare Tercentenary with a Community production of "As You Like It"*

By ADA PATTERSON

MARGARET ANGLIN, who by successive steps of strong emotional work, comedy, production of Shakespeare's dramas, and the performance and direction of Greek tragedies, has reached a prominent position on the American stage, this month crowns her career by an achievement that is unique. In connection with the country-wide celebration of the Shakespearean Tercentenary she produces "As You Like It" on a larger scale than has ever before been done. On June 5th, she begins a series of eight out-of-door performances of the comedy of love in a forest in a natural setting, Forest Park in St. Louis, with a supporting cast numbering no fewer than 1200 persons.

With the sky for a roof and old oak trees new pruned for their office to form a proscenium arch, the stage will be such a one as that on which Adam and Eve enacted the first human drama. It will be of solid earth with no intervening floor of timbers. Masses of shrubbery have been transplanted to form a screen extending from the sides of the stage, to hide the actors in their exits and entrances. The stage will be higher than the circular benches which will be provided for the audiences. It is arranged in the form of a terrace that the ascents and descents of the actors may be gracefully made, and that in the making the eye may be feasted by beautiful pictures.

A river has been bridged for the performances. Across the River of the Fathers, the stream so named because the earliest settlers in the valley were cowled monks, has been thrown a frail and beautiful Gothic bridge which the players will cross to reach the stage. The dressing rooms of the principal players are temporary structures built beneath the bridge.

Preceding the play and interspersed through it will be Elizabethan dances. The audience of 9,912 will face a stage, but between audience and stage is a dancing green 100 feet wide, of a depth of 25 feet, whereon the holiday fête that will be a framework for the comedy will take place.

For a year Miss Anglin has been arranging for this production of "As You Like It." It was laid upon her, an added obligation, while she was playing in New York in the brilliant revival of "Lady Windermere's Fan." It obtruded while she was performing the prodigious task of preparing for the productions of "Electra," "Iphegenia in Aulis," and "Medea" at the Greek

Theatre in Berkeley, California. Reluctantly, for the project fascinated her, she put it aside until the immediate tasks were done. Last November she visited St. Louis on a Sunday while on tour, and together she and Park Commissioner Nelson Cunlife, on a gloomy day, demonstrated the power of imagination. Through the murk of the fog and in the silence of the park, empty of all humanity save themselves, they saw the brilliant pictures of the gay comedy written by William Shakespeare in his liveliest mood, heard the arch speeches flung by Rosalind at her devoted but slower witted lover. They discarded Art Hill where ambitious St. Louis has presented another pageant, *al fresco*. They chose a natural amphitheatre in a remoter part of the park.

"It is a natural theatre," agreed the Park Commissioner. "But there is the river."

"Build a bridge across it," was the answer prompted by Margaret Anglin's Napoleonic spirit.

And it has been done.

"This is an ideal stage," Miss Anglin indicated a wide, gently sloping area blending softly with the bank of the little river. A measurement of it revealed that it had a natural frontage of 150 feet, a width of 70 feet and a depth at the middle of 60 feet.

"Where will the dancers dress?" asked Miss Anglin. The actress herself answered the question. "In tents, of course. Fancy how those tents will look in the moonlight."

"But the performances will be daylight ones," observed Park Commissioner Cunliffe.

"No," said Miss Anglin. "Night is so beautiful. It is full of charm and witchery and mystery. No daylight performance can compare with it. I insisted that the Greek plays be given at night and I must ask you let me have my way in this." "Ways" are generally granted if they are good "ways." The eight performances of "As You Like It" are given at night.

They saw, so potent is that vision of the mind which is called imagination, the riot of roses, the jungle of creeping vines, with which the then snow-bestrewn sward should be covered. And they were not discouraged by the problem of lighting, which has since been solved by transplanting full grown trees from other parts of the park to the stage and in their branches hiding the mechanism which should light the stage by greatly increased electric light power.

St. Louis leans to the artistic as the leaning tower of Pisa inclines earthward. It is famous for its Veiled Prophet's procession and ball which display ingenuity and beauty that are scarcely second to those of the established institution of the carnival of St. Louis. Moreover it has a pronounced liking for out-of-door life and amusements. It is further blessed by an active public spirit. Out of these predispositions was born the St. Louis Pageant Drama Association, which two years ago produced the pageant and masque of St. Louis in honor of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the city. It is at the invitation and in cooperation with this association that Miss Anglin performs her *magnum opus*.

The play proper is preceded by an Elizabethan prologue and will be followed by an epilogue in which 400 persons, representing local talent, clad in the village costumes of Shakespeare's time, will throng upon the dancing green and there sing and dance in holiday mood according to the directions of Cecil J. Sharp who came from London to arrange the songs and dances. Thus St. Louis in a sense went to London to secure the authoritative setting for its "As You Like It," for Mr. Sharp is the world's authority on English folk-songs and dances.

"And now for the acoustics?" Miss Anglin asked on the November visit to the scene that is so utterly transformed in June. Mr. Cunliffe walked to the point in the amphitheatre farthest from the stage.

"Can you hear me?" she asked in ordinary tone.

"Perfectly," he replied.

So a troubling question was settled, save for the possible return of it through the presence of summer foliage.

Livingston Platt, who has clothed Miss Anglin's productions, scenically and in the matter of wardrobe for three seasons, prepared for the cast a color plan of richness and brilliance. As in the Greek productions at Berkeley he secures his effects by fabrics especially dyed and of exceptionally dark, rich hues.

The seating plans include 546 box seats separated from each other by the transplanted shrubbery, 5466 grand stand chairs and 3900 bleacher seats. That the Shakespeare celebration is a community event is evident from this fact, if no other, that of the 3900 bleacher seats 2000 are free for each of the performances.

Miss Anglin engaged for "As You Like It" the most eminent Shakespearean players not elsewhere employed in Shakespearean celebration. Robert Mantell chivalrously placed his experience and distinction at her disposal as Jacques. Mrs. Mantell (Genevieve Hamper) is Phoebe. Sydney Greenstreet plays Touchstone.

Again Miss Anglin proves her ability to handle humanity in huge masses.

"The crowds were not hard to manage in California," she said before going to St. Louis in May to begin rehearsals. "The local persons who played in the choruses were so imbued with beauty and dramatic effect that I had only to say to them once: 'Convey the impression of this emotion,' and it was done. California is the soil for the love of beauty. I expect that I will find the same spirit in St. Louis. What they have done there has been well done. In California facing the huge audience at first appalled me. When I made my entrance in a chariot and looked down at that living wall of about 10,000 persons I was for a moment overwhelmed. It terrified me. While as Medea I was in the chariot on the roof, and flung a dreadful speech at Jason. But I couldn't see him for the darkness below me. It was like dropping something into a well and hearing its echo. The crowd and the sensation of talking into darkness will be there in 'As You Like It.'"

Underwood & Underwood

MARGARET ANGLIN AS MEDEA

# In the Spotlight

*Players Who Have Made Individual Hits In Recent New York Productions*

White

ANNA ORR
in "Very Good Eddie"

THAT granted talent, beauty and energy, a girl may make quick progress on the stage is demonstrated by the career of Anna Orr, who is one of the two prima donnas of "Very Good Eddie" for that piquant musical success has two. "I coaxed my mother to get me a place on the stage" is Miss Orr's story of her beginning. Miss Orr's mother interposed the usual parental objections, guided by parental fears. "Of course, I had to coax a good deal at first" said the daughter, but she went. Mother believed in helping her children to develop their talents in whichever direction they tend. The coaxing began in Piqua, Ohio. The capitulation occurred in Chicago. Anna Orr joined the chorus of the La Salle Street Theatre. Parts came quickly, for her fresh, strong, melodious voice commanded them. In "The Beauty Shop" she sang "'Twas in September," and received promotion. The applause of the audience decided that. So powerful is applause it has been known to shake the coins out of the manager's pockets and long term contracts out of their desks. Miss Orr was made the understudy for Christie MacDonald and for Mizzi Hajos in "The Spring Maid" Miss Marbury engaged her for "Very Good Eddie."

ROMA JUNE
in "Beau Brummell"

A SINCERE performance pervaded by charm is that which Roma June gives as Mariana Vincent in the revival of "Beau Brummell." Miss June came from the recent revival of "The Christian" at the Lyric Theatre in London where she had been playing Gloria. It was natural that she should have made her first New York appearance in a musical play, her stage education having been chiefly of that kind. Unfortunately for her her début occurred in the short lived "See America First." Six years ago she made her stage début in George Edwardes's revival of "The Waltz Dream."

White

EDITH THAYER
in "Katinka"

EDITH THAYER, who has become Katinka of the opera of that name, sings with birdlike quality the music of the opera. She is a tiny young woman with a big voice that it would seem were too big for her body. She is blessed, moreover, with a sense of humor. These attributes enabled her to easily follow Emma Trentini in the name rôle of "The Firefly." Miss Thayer is of new England. Born and for the most part educated in Boston, her work was comprised in that Massachusetts city until she was sixteen, when she went to Paris and became a pupil of Jean de Reszke. At twenty she returned to America with intent to ultimately conquer the world. She began the process by getting an engagement as a chorus girl in a local production in Boston. Thereafter she was elevated to the dignity of a part in Henry W. Savage's production of "Somewhere Else." In the revival of "The Geisha" at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre in New York the tiny Bostonian was understudy for Mme. Zeppelli and one day was permitted to sing the principal rôle. Arthur Hammerstein recognizing the unusual timbre of the voice and the fine method of the singer determined that he had found "The Firefly" for the road company.

Moffett

EDGAR NORTON
in "Beau Brummell"

EDGAR NORTON'S success as the valet in "Beau Brummell" is a duplication of his previous triumph with Richard Mansfield in the same play. The actor was discovered by Mr. Mansfield, while Mr. Norton was a long legged, engaging youth, in London. Mr. Mansfield was playing his engagement "Richard III" in London at that time. He conceived a liking for the youth. Coincident were the première of "Beau Brummell" at Madison Square Theatre and Mr. Norton's American début in the same play. Since, he has played character rôles in many of the Frohman productions and with most of the Frohman stars. His efforts were not confined to drama. He was the original French waiter in "The Prince of Pilsen" and the butler in "A Full House."

White

MADELINE HOWARD
in "Just a Woman"

MADELINE HOWARD'S exceeding beauty and repose won distinction for her on her first appearance as The Lady in "Just a Woman." She lent the same attributes to Beauty in "Experience." Miss Howard believing the stage to be her vocation took the masculine course of running away from home to seek her fortune. But she did not travel far nor did she remain away long, for her home was in Elizabeth, N. J., and her goal, New York. She had been a pupil in a convent where as fellow students were Alice Brady and Ruth Shepley. Miss Howard did not disdain an humble beginning. She was of the chorus of "A Man from Cooks." Small parts were awarded her in "The Winsome Widow" and in "All for the Ladies."

Bangs

GEORGE LE GUERE
in "A Woman of No Importance"

NOTABLE for its mingling of equal parts of intensity and sincerity was the performance which George Le Guere gave of the son in "A Woman of No Importance." Mr. Le Guere's gift of projecting emotion of the stormy kind across the footlights and spanning the space between actor and audience wherein so much of dramatic effort is lost, have served him well in the support of David Warfield, Gertrude Elliott, Lena Ashwell and Jane Cowl, and Walker Whiteside. Mr. Le Guere is a native of New Orleans and first went on the stage as understudy for Robert Edeson in "Strongheart." He next appeared on tour with "Under Southern Skies." His introduction to Broadway was as the boy in "The Shulamite" with Lena Ashwell.

# When Emma Nevada Played Home

## *A Dramatic Incident in the Life of the Grand Opera Star*

By HER FORMER MANAGER

EMMA NEVADA, the great concert and opera singer, was born in a little Western mining town. When she was a mere child someone discovered that she possessed a phenomenal voice. She was taken from her rude surroundings and given the best vocal training, both in this country and abroad. After meeting with great success in her operatic work in foreign countries, in 1884 she came back to the United States and made a tour.

In those days I was her manager. As we were about to start for New York at the conclusion of a week of fine concerts in Chicago, Miss Nevada sent for me to come to her parlor one morning. As I entered she turned to me in the eager, impulsive way so characteristic of her, and said:

"John, I have had a great idea, and I want you to say 'yes' to what I am going to ask."

"Yes, I'll do it; but make it easy, for I have not recovered yet from the effects of some of my blind promises to you. What is it?"

"Well, John, it is simply this: Before we start for New York I want to go back to the little town where I was born (Sh! don't you dare to open your lips!" as I tried to utter a protest). "I want to take our orchestra, and entire equipment, and I want to give those old miners who have loved me and have watched my stage career the time of their lives. I want to give them just such a concert as I give here in Chicago."

When I could catch my breath I said: "Of course, you know that it will cost a big sum of money, more than a thousand dollars, to take our equipment away out to Nevada, to say nothing of delaying us more than a week in getting to New York."

"It won't cost you one red cent," she replied. "This is my affair, and if you will arrange the details I will furnish the money."

I tried to persuade her that it was a foolish undertaking, and that she would be greatly disappointed in the way in which she would be received; but her heart was so set upon going that I yielded as gracefully as I could.

Falk

EMMA NEVADA

By telegram I arranged to have most of the rocks and trees within ten miles of our destination bear the inscription, "Emma is Coming!"

We traveled in our own car, and had a delightful journey through that rugged and picturesque country. I expected to see Miss Nevada received with pleasure and some degree of enthusiasm; but the surprise of my life was awaiting me. I was a city man, and did not know how they do things out in the boundless West.

As our train made its last stop before reaching the end of our journey I was astonished to see hundreds of miners, in characteristic attire, lined up along the track. My first thought was, "This is some Western holdup, such as I have read of, only on a somewhat larger scale." As soon as the puffing engine was quiet enough for us to hear, a mighty chorus of hoarse voices demanded, "Where is Emma?"

Miss Nevada immediately appeared at the door of her private car, and such a cheer went up as those hoary forests had never heard before. She then invited the miners to board our train and accompany us to our destination. It is needless to add that the invitation was accepted by all who could find room to hang on.

When the train came into the little station everyone—literally everyone—was there to greet us. The only closed carriage that the town owned was on hand to take the honored guest to her stopping place; but the equipage was not drawn by prancing steeds. A long rope was attached to the shafts, and two hundred miners drew the triumphal car through the streets. So many were the applicants for these places of honor that they had been assigned by lot.

The first night after our arrival I devoted to arranging the sale of tickets. The entertainment was to be held in the only church that the town possessed. My plan was to sell the seats at merely nominal prices, as this was not intended to be a money-making affair. Several of the leading citizens assisted me in making a chart of the church. After this was done one of them said:

"What will be the prices of these here seats?"

"Twenty-five, thirty-five, and fifty cents, according to location," I replied.

He looked me sternly in the eye, and before I had an intimation of his next move he flourished a revolver under my nose, and said: "Stranger, none of your joking with us! Be them the prices you charge when you give concerts in Chicago and gay Paree?"

I was so unskilled in reading human nature in those days that I supposed him to be objecting because the price was so high; so I began to hedge a little. I said: "Well—no, we charge rather more in those cities—sometimes from two to five dollars a sitting, and even more for box seats. However, as this is Miss Nevada's home town, we might make a slight reduction, and charge, say, about twenty, thirty, and forty cents, if you think the people will object to paying—"

The revolver viciously spat out six bullets in a semicircle about my feet, everyone coming so near that I expected to lose a toe at each report. I looked at him in consternation. The owner of the smoking weapon pointed to the placard on which I had marked the scale of price and said:

"See here, Tenderfoot, you rub out them figgers just as fast as your leetle old piece of rubber will work, and write in the very same prices you charge in Chicago, New York, and gay Paree. Do you think we can't pay as much to hear our own leetle gal sing as them strangers who never knowed her?"

That evening I discussed the concert plans with Miss Nevada, and many of my suggestions showed what an ignoramus I was. For instance I said,

"I suppose you will sing only such pieces as are suited to the comprehension of your audience, like *'Coming Through the Rye'* or *'Way Down Upon the Swanee River,'* will you not?"

She smiled almost pityingly as she replied: "John, you have lots to learn yet. These miners want me to sing to them exactly as I do in great cities. They do not care whether they understand my songs or not. They want to see me in my finest gowns and richest jewels, and I am going to give them exactly what they want."

The next day dawned clear and bright, and long before evening every seat was sold at a price ranging from one to ten dollars each. All standing room had been disposed of, and wagons had been drawn under every window. Two hours before the time set for opening the doors an impatient throng of miners, with a smaller sprinkling of women and children, was surging about the church. When the crowd was admitted my sturdy ushers were swept off their feet. The audience paid not the slightest attention to what seats their tickets called for; the first to arrive took the best places and left the rest to shift for themselves.

What a motley assembly it was! Some attempt had been made at holiday attire; but boots with trousers tucked in at the tops, gray woolen shirts open at the throat, and slouch hats, were the prevailing modes. A few minutes before the time for the concert to begin my friend who had handled the gun so skilfully rose and said:

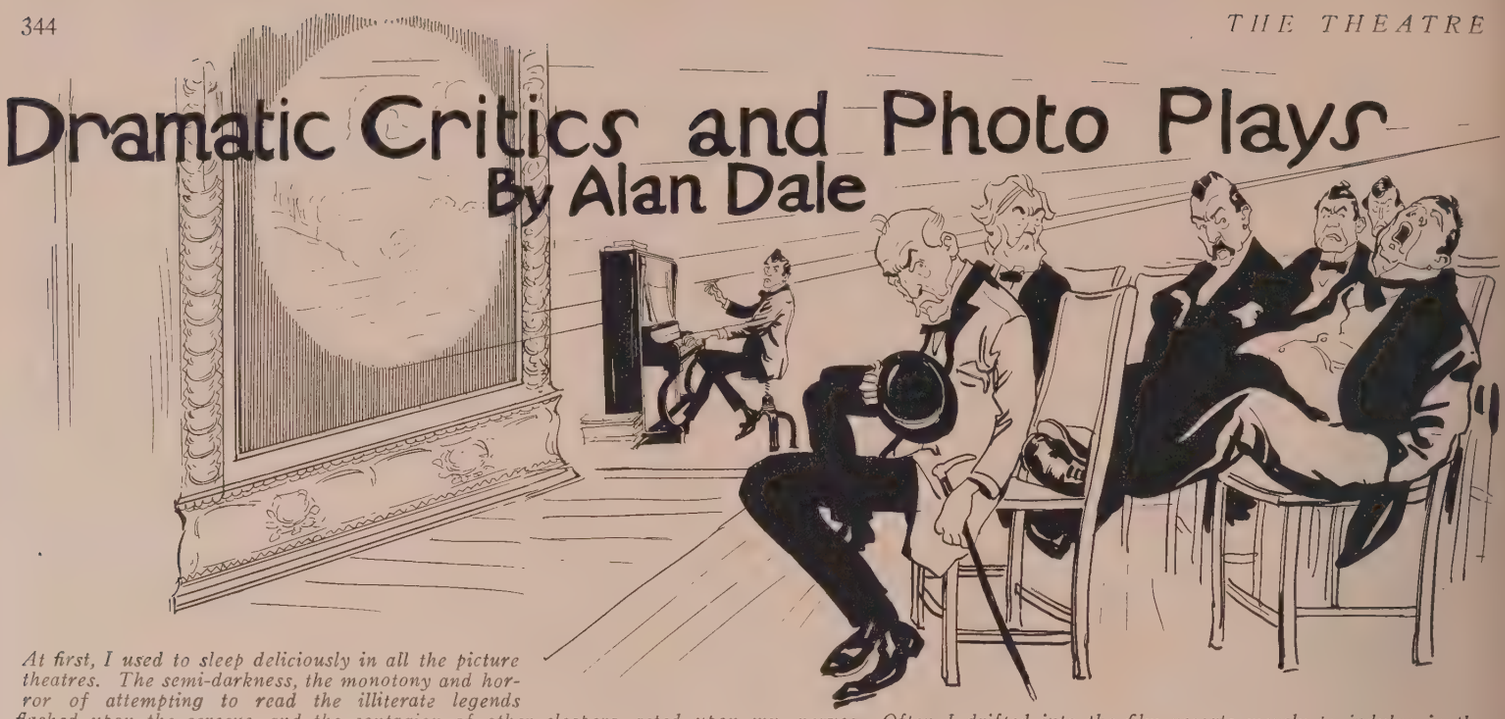
"Feller citizens, I know ye ain't used to settin' in the house with yer hats off, and ye may ketch bad colds if ye take 'em off; but this is our own leetle Emmy we've met here to honor to-night, and yer hats must come off. Ye'll just have to take the risk!"

As one man they shouted, "We will!"

At the appointed time Miss Nevada appeared, resplendent in a Paris gown and her costliest jewels. The occasion lent a flush of excitement to her cheek and a tender light to her eye. I had heard her sing gloriously before, but never as she sang that night. Her voice had a richness, a fullness, a smoothness, and a sympathetic quality that even I did not know that it possessed. I had thought (*Continued on page* 366)

# Dramatic Critics and Photo Plays

## By Alan Dale



*At first, I used to sleep deliciously in all the picture theatres. The semi-darkness, the monotony and horror of attempting to read the illiterate legends flashed upon the screens, and the contagion of other sleepers, acted upon my nerves. Often I drifted into the film resorts merely to indulge in the luxury of a nap.*

I HAVE been seriously invited to criticize pictures in the same way that I have criticized the drama. One very enthusiastic gentleman said to me: "The picture people are really hurt at the silence of criticism. They would welcome the truth. They are anxious for it. They believe that the critic who has devoted his life to the drama would be tremendously useful to the new industry."

Ha! Ha! That amused me considerably. I imagined the picture people who have had everything their own way, submitting to the strictures of professional critics, and welcoming them! What a welcome it would be! How extremely cordial! I insisted that it would be a perfectly impossible thing to do, as the lover of the stage would be tremendously partial, and the extravagance of the photo play would simply give him opportunities for ridicule and sarcasm.

"Then," said my enthusiastic friend, "do it this way. Review only the films that please you—those that you can honestly praise, and leave out the others. Write only when you feel happy, and be silent when you are displeased."

I have heard this sort of sophistry expressed in regard to the legitimate. It has been suggested quite often that it is a waste of time writing disapproving comment, and that the wise course would be to say nothing at all about plays that fail, but to let them go swiftly and unerringly to the friendly store houses. The real lover of the stage would find this proceeding not only irksome, but disgusting. To remain silent, seems easy, but as a matter of fact, nothing more difficult could possibly be imagined. I have seen plays that I could not have passed in silence—plays the demerits of which I felt that I should call from the house-tops—plays that should have been removed like morbid growths.

But the photo play, with its incongruities and its delectable idiocies never having received criticism, has never seemed to need it, and never will need it. People at the picture houses sit stodgily through the five reels, or three reels, and if they don't like it, go on sitting stodgily through what follows. This may be an "animated weekly" or some views of Niagara Falls, or something equally side-tracking. The situation is saved.

Jealous of the drama whose very existence seemed to be threatened, irate theatre-goers, indignant play students, and angry theatre enthusiasts have waged a bitter war against the screen—and nobody resented its apparent invasion more acidulatedly than yours truly. I felt like an avenging Nemesis, as though the awful situation needed immediate championship. I could see my very position undermined, and I recalled the furious anger of a certain theatrical manager who said to me one day: "I'll drive you from the theatre, where you have stayed too long, and I'll force you to write up moving pictures."

This, at the time, was looked upon as the very acme of acute degradation and the threat seemed too inane to merit consideration. I may as well say that the inflamed manager aforesaid, has himself gone into the movies, rushed there by the fever of pecuniary speculation, and that I have not! He "beat me to it." His idle threat, however, lost for a time its vapidly splenetic flavor, and it has looked very much as though the critic of the drama, if he wanted to live (you may say: why should he?) would have to analyze the truculent photo-plays. So I listened interestedly to the irate theatre-goers, indignant play students, and angry theatre enthusiasts. I know one critic who has seen two pictures only in his life, and theirs! I have met several first-nighters who have never been in a picture house at all, and are really quite proud of themselves. I have listened to actors who would feel ashamed to be seen in the film theatres, and—this is quite humorous—I have run across picture stars who have told me that they couldn't bear to watch the screens, except to see their own work and judge it dispassionately.

I have never found any actors who told me that they enjoyed sitting in the picture houses, and who frequented them as a pastime! Even some whose names have become hopelessly involved in the picture industries, have no genuine appreciation of the thing as an "art."

"I'm in it for what I can get out of it," is the usual classic remark, "and I may as well make hay while the sun shines."

All this was food to me. I felt that it was avenging the drama most effectively—just as though the drama needed avenging, and was unable to take care of its own chaste self. However, for the sake of my own claims to justice and impartiality, I will admit that I visited the picture houses regularly, in order to try and accustom myself to their influence. Although I have not the slightest interest in the voice of the majority, I considered that it would be ludicrous to wrap myself up in a cloak of relentless exclusiveness, and stand aloof from a "pastime" that had made such tremendous headway. Even though I attach extreme faith to the voice of the minority!

At first, I used to sleep deliciously in all the picture theatres. The semi-darkness, the monotony and horror of attempting to read the illiterate legends flashed upon the screens, and the contagion of other sleepers, acted upon my nerves. Often I drifted into the film resorts merely to indulge in the luxury of a nap—which came to me as sweetly, as swiftly, and as unexpectedly as it has done in the sacred precincts of the Metropolitan Opera House.

What a soothing and refreshing lethargy it was! Even the execrable "music" ground out on tin pans by uninspired tinkers lulled me to a dulcet repose. I had found a cure for insomnia at last. No matter how febrile, and quickly pulsed I happened to me as I entered the cinema palace, I was "let down" and completely unstrung before it was time to leave. It was nepenthe!

That was in the early days. I persisted in my efforts to understand the pastimes of the masses—or at least their alleged pastimes. I went to see the big pictures like "The Birth of a Nation" just as I used to go and see fireworks at Coney Island, or years ago, the Kiralfy pageants. I even bought picture "literature" as a curiosity, and—yes—interviewed a few stars like Mary Pickford, and Clara Kimball Young, and Maurice Costello. I mortified my soul, as it were, and felt the satisfaction that the ascetic must experience, as he torments himself rigidly and picturesquely. I found that the picture people talked in the same strain that the drama folks, years ago, used to affect. You know the stuff I mean—they were all "impelled" to pictures by a quite irresistible desire; they loved the work for its own sake, and they considered that they were educating the dear masses, and making their gray lives better and more finely balanced! Piffle, of course, but not one bit worse than the stage emitted in the youthful days of the interview.

And gradually my viewpoint changed, my ideas enlarged, the poignancy of my indignation decreased, and a curious thing happened. Instead of insisting that the screens had pushed the drama into a back seat, and had monopolized the honor and glory of the stage, I discovered that the screens were the veritable scavengers of the amusement world, that they could be relied upon to remove from the theatre all that the

Photo Etster "STRONGHEART," ROBERT EDESON'S SUMMER HOME AT SAG HARBOR, LONG ISLAND

Photo Stagg MARIE DORO'S SUMMER HOME AT HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, WHERE SHE IS POSING FOR THE LASKY COMPANY

## COUNTRY HOMES OF TWO POPULAR PLAYERS

theatre couldn't possibly want—things that it had ignobly fattened upon in less felicitous days—and that like certain beetles, they gorged themselves upon the very material that the "legitimate" had never before been able to rid itself of.

There was a time in the early days of my critical career when in "off" weeks of drama, I used to go to outlying theatres, and review the cheap melodramas, and the vulgar knockabout farces that were popular in the "ten-twent-and-thirts." I never went to these resorts seriously, but merely for the sake of showing how ridiculous they were and how much humor lurked in the blood-and-thunder melodramas, and how little humor prevailed in the farces and comedies. There were half a dozen theatres at which this sort of entertainment used to be blazoned forth, and really some of the offerings were quite gorgeously "low brow."

The gallery gods revelled, and were just as well worth studying as the plays themselves. It was all eminently proper—very much more "proper" than the kid-glove theatres downtown. The mob, as a general thing is clean-minded. The gallery would not tolerate situations that the high-class playwright never hesitates to put forward. Virtue invariably triumphed, and vice got it in the neck in short order!

This could be safely relied upon. No matter if some of the scenes seemed to be "verging" on the unutterable: at the fitting moment, the hero arrived demonstrating "manly vigor," the heroine realized that here was a real man, and the nefarious gentleman who had been profoundly hissed throughout the performance, slunk off to the tune of applause from the never-failing gallery.

This sort of thing died, but just as we know that no form of energy can ever be really destroyed, it cropped up again, and the very things that we used to laugh at as disfigurements of the dignity of the stage reappeared, and have since that time never failed to reappear in the picture houses.

To continue—I have never "let up" in my zealous patronage of the films. The one thing that *did* stick in my gills—as the saying is—was the fact that the dramatic stars—those who had won fame and repute and position through the stage—went over to the pictures for a consideration. For a long time, I couldn't bear that. It seemed cruel, like pitiful renegation, like deserting one's colors, and the situation took on a peculiar blackness. I watched innumerable stage artists pulling faces in front of the camera and entering into competition with the few who had made reputations by just that sort of thing. The genuine picture stars I had interviewed, Mary Pickford, Clara Kimball Young, and Maurice Costello, were recruited by the luminaries of the "spoken drama" and people like Ethel Barrymore, and Marie Tempest, and Robert Edeson came into vogue for this particular form of entertainment which years ago, they would have looked upon as a distinct "come down."

The very same thing happened in "vaudeville" some years ago. All the most expensive people seemed to desert the stage, and go to the variety houses. Names that had flashed electrically from the housetops of Broadway actually appeared on the same bills as trained cockatoos, and talking dogs, and ladies and gentlemen with freak voices. No name was too sacred for "vaudeville." What happened?

Photo De Gaston LILLIAN LORRAINE
To be seen shortly in "The Passing Show of 1916" at the Winter Garden

Why, nothing at all. Worthy people who needed a little extra spending money, earned it in this manner, and returned to the stage none the worse for their experience. The stage did not refuse to take them back; on the contrary, it rejoiced when they had made up their minds to return to the unsinking ship, and welcomed them.

It is quite impossible to help admiring the youth and the energy and the grim determination of the pictures. As for the picture "press agents" they are eternally droll, doing the same "stunts" for the new industry that they used to do for the old one. It seems like the good old times to read the items seriously published in newspapers: "Miss So-and-So is collecting beetles"; "Mr. Three-Stars went to a ball last night"; "Miss Snooks received admiring letters from half a dozen out-of-town Lotharios"; "Mr. Asterisk had offers from ten film companies," and "Miss This-and-That received a salary computed to be at the rate of so much per minute."

It is all very gay and alluring. The finest attraction that a picture artist offers to the public mind is the figure of his weekly wage. When that wage is not mentioned, you feel rather hurt, and indignant, as though some vital truth were being concealed from you. You resent it. Miss Geraldine Farrar, who for years had "shone" at the Metropolitan Opera House, and whose "salary" no man knew—for the patrons of that institution have long ago learned that the discussion of mere gain is sordid and inartistic—came into the glare of the picture world prepared to take a popular place there. No mention of "art," of aspirations, or of views, but tremendous emphasis upon the question of money! This was reckoned out in the easy terms that the popular mind adores. We were told the exact figure that Miss Farrar thought she received per minute—I think it was two dollars, with due apologies to poor "Jimmie" Russell—and this gave us extreme joy. Long before the Farrar pictures were "released" (and I admit that I love the expression "released" as there is such a delicious suggestion of hopeless thraldom about it) their popularity was assured, for it was all so expensive, and so gilt-edged.

This money mania that rages in the picture world, is a particularly fine and desirable thing—for our beloved drama. The scavenger beetles eat up all these ugly, squalid reports, and leave the legitimate stage free from such inpertinence and irrelevance. The picture artists are judged by the published stories of their remuneration. These are colossal—Munchausen legends, Scheherezade histories of pellucid extravagance, travellers' tales that lose nothing by the telling. The new industry grows apace on this wealth of charmingly Arabian-Night-like fiction—cheap but garishly amusing, and I fancy it really deceives nobody.

The public mind is fed with these narratives of unprecedented earnings and the tremendous sums that are poured into the pockets of those who stand before the camera and pull faces. It has all developed into a sort of jest—like the mother-in-law joke, but, of course, it is reared on a firmer foundation, as poor mother-in-law was never made a butt for dollars and cents.

The biggest actors, when "induced to accept picture engagements," never fail to credit it all to the swollen emoluments offered them. Even in Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's "press work," when it was announced that he would not pull faces before the camera, it was declared that he had "refused the largest offer" ever made to a legitimate actor.

Instead of pushing the drama to a back seat, as we were jealously afraid that the screens, by protesting too much, would surely do, the pictures are giving it a dignity, a reserve, a splendid assurance, and an unique position that it has scarcely ever held before. The contempt in which it was once held—when its actors were vagabonds—vanished long ago, but there were always cranks and narrow-minded people anxious to regard the stage as "unworthy." When pictures have raged for a time longer, I venture to say that the legitimate drama will be in a position that, without pictures, it might never have gained.

The photo plays with their cheap appeal, and their malignantly trashy stories, would be laughed out of the modern theatre. I daresay that I have sat through a hundred, in my efforts to cope with the picture situation. They are not "criticized." They have not given birth to a new race of critics. They are the finest answers to the assertion

(*Continued on page* 364)

# "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland"

Photos McClure
PETER RABBIT (Horace Tibbs) and MRS. PETER RABBIT (Sally Hamlin)

LITTLE PETER RABBIT
(Aida Horton)

MOTHER NATURE
(Viola Raymond)

AGES ago some wiseacre remarked that if a play was to be a success it must necessarily be designed to appeal at once to a multitude of people. This appeal on a wholesale scale is undoubtedly the basis for the popularity of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

Everybody knows and loves Peter Rabbit. He is just as real a personality as Alice in Wonderland, Puss in Boots, or Cinderella. And everyone knows Mrs. Peter with her flock of little rabbits. There is scarcely a boy or a girl to-day who hasn't heard of that dreadful boaster and hardened plotter, Reddy Fox. Knowing all these people from hearsay, it was really great sport to see them, for it *does* make one so content to get near world-famous people.

"Peter's Adventures in Dreamland," as dramatized by H. S. Tibbs from the stories and characters of Thornton W. Burgess and Harrison Cayd, was presented to a most enthusiastic audience at The Century Theatre during Easter Week for the benefit of the Sydenham Hospital The play opens with the Courtleigh's Christmas party and celebration in honor of the new nursery—a model of its kind. The children are delighted with their toys which suddenly come to life. The little tots go off to sleep and the Dream Spirit, radiant in a filmy purple robe, comes. Then Peter Rabbit appears and takes everyone off to Dreamland in the Drowsy Boat (children and Peter waving American flags). But even in Dreamland there are plotters, and Reddy Fox and his fellows almost succeed in their effort to make a rabbit stew of all the bunnies. Finally, when all is calm again, everybody wakes up and they live happily ever after.

Thus the plot. But it wasn't quite so simple as it sounds, for there were choruses and ballets, Candy Kids, Nymphs, Sun Girls, Sun Flowers, Daisies, Bob Whites, Baby Buntings, the Peter Rabbit Hop Chorus and the Mascot. There was even a fashion parade in which many of the exhibitors proved their unusual ability as mannequins. The biggest hit was made by the tiniest people—the sun flower chorus noticeable for their perfect rhythm and conscientious work, and the little Mascot. The Bob White Chorus was also heartily applauded.

The performance on the whole was charming. A very intelligent little girl of four who sat near me gave probably the best criticism of the play, for she said often during the performance:

"Mummie, *is* it real?" and finally, "Mummie, you tell me what *is* real and what isn't." And, of course, if a production can make that impression, it is really, truly real.

M. M.

PUCK (Sally Hamlin)

THE DREAMER
(Betty Spence)

FROG
(Hannibal Hamlin)

BOB WHITES
(Mrs. A. J. Meister and Hilda Wierum)

DAISY
(Dorothy Horwitz)

© Ira L. Hill

PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY
Seen recently in "The Great Pursuit"

© Ira L. Hill

FANIA MARINOFF
Appearing as Ariel in the revival of "The Tempest" at the Century

© Ira L. Hill

MAY PETERSON
Soprano from the Opéra Comique, Paris, who has been heard here this season in concerts.

VIVIAN MARTIN
With the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company and Pallas Pictures

White

ALMA HANLON
Leading woman with the World and Equitable Film companies. Seen recently in a screen play with Holbrook Blinn

STARS OF THE DRAMA, THE SCREEN, AND THE CONCERT STAGE

# The Grotesques

By LUCY FRANCE PIERCE

A NEW type of play, an experiment in dramaturgy called "Grotesques," had its inception recently in the Little Theatre, Chicago. Called a decoration in black and white, this dioramic tragedy by Cloyd Head has stirred something of wonder because of the striking originality of idea and workmanship and because of the skill in staging and presentation by Maurice Browne.

Working in harmony author and director have evolved a completely new method, a vision of a coming kind of drama. Only an experiment, perhaps a little incomplete as yet, it still reveals a manner so unique that many are predicting it to be the pioneer of what may be the usual system, perhaps a score of years hence. It reveals a tendency toward a new economy of expression in which the too-much visual and the too-much talk of current methods will merge their vital characteristics into a daring, idealistic, symbolic, subtle and swiftly adroit series of dramatic revelations of life.

In "Grotesques" Capulchard, a so-called demi-urge, known to the moderns as Fate takes his place upon the stage. Before him in grim and silent conclave sit the gods themselves, known as Audience. Behind the visible deus-ex-machina rises a black background showing two conventional stark trees white as the bloodless Indian-pipe of the hemlock forest. A moon swings between them, a thing shining blandly like illuminated ivory. At the base of the tree trunks laps a wavy brook out of which springs a solitary lotus flower. In front of the demi-urge separating him and the scene from the place of the gods is a huge black four-sided frame. As the gods gaze toward the frame they behold this Capulchard, black-robed with pencil lines of white, a sardonic figure with long tense fingers outlined vaguely against the scene within. This scene with its border of black is called the decoration. It is a symbolic concept of the world at large.

The Sprite Motif and the Girl Motif.
Sprite (Edward Balzerit); Girl (Miriam Kiper).
"They shall have freedom, even as they wish!"

The Girl Motif with sign of bird entering the decoration.
"A Girl, in white, alone, beside the pattern brook,
I wander without fear, of fear not having heard."

The Man Motif and the Woman Motif.
Man (Knowles Entriken); Woman (Gwendolen Foulke).
Man—"The gods have me their outlaw made!"

Behind the frame lying inert, all slack and drooping like a showman's puppets is a group of actors garbed in black and white. They represent five decorative motifs: the man-motif, the woman-motif, the girl-motif, the sprite-motif, and the crone-motif. These are Fate's marionettes. For the benefit of the gods and for his own pleasure this demi-urge, a master-craftsman in design, drags his puppets within the decoration, endows them with voice, character, feeling, will and cynically watches them work out some pattern of life.

With these five motifs Fate weaves many designs of life. He directs his puppets into multitudinous poses and bids them feel and speak. They strive desperately to work out their own designs with many a rebellion against the wizard-director. But Fate ultimately controls them; for life is merely a decoration of Fate, every situation a design of the demi-urge himself. Life is Fate's own series of moving pictures, and through his cinema drama of humanity he moves his puppets dexterously, always avoiding the obvious, sweeping the canvas clean before the anti-climax arrives.

Like the sharply-defined scene and the puppets that move with mechanical precision through it, the text of the play itself is a staccato and symbolic study in emotions in acutely limned contrast; it reveals a clash of primitive impulses, a rushing view of fundamental instincts at war creating situations; it embodies the eternal triangle in varied phase; it discloses not only the eternal triangle and its attendant struggle, but the futility of such struggle. The author has not attempted to dramatize love or any other human motive in a concrete sense. In decorative form he shows that life is nothing but a despotic procession of designs or patterns; that love, hate, courage, renunciation, worship, innocence, remorse rebellion are but flitting and fantastic ornaments in a gigantic universal show.

At the outset Capulchard advances and addresses the gods:

"This is a forest—that is a Grotesque,
You will find the forest somewhere in your thought.
* * * I draw you these Grotesques,
I design a world for you in black and white.
Woman and man; old age; youth and the sprite,
Woman and man again in many forms
And different episodes, each with its tang,
And each a sign for the thing signified."

There follows the first design. Softly adown

the shadowy night a song comes through the forest. Fate listens. The Woman sings a song of love, of hate; yet unconscious of both she awaits her beloved. Fate lifts her out of his marionette-box. She brings the kiss into the world. But finding the path of the stream of life too chill she glides out of the decoration.

"Therewith, she and the episode stop short," cries Fate.
"Inceptive decoration; play it out,
Each as you will, the sequence unenslaved.
'Tis naught to these Grotesques, unconscious strings
Scraped into melody, but else inert.
And yet, why hunt your pleasure to its death?
Ignore the ending, trace a new design."

The Sprite is lifted into the decoration exhorting the crinkled stream to dance. He stands grimacing at the clown-moon. Fate beckons and he leaps into a shadow dance, rapid, spontaneous. Yet the design wants counterbalance and Fate lifts the Girl into the picture. He gives her the symbol—"bird." She enters in the controlled and exaggerated manner of the early Grotesques, her movements idyllic. She wanders along the stream without fear, caressing the sign of bird. The Sprite beholds her, stands hungrily, struck motionless.

Fate then extricates the Man-motif from the puppet box and places him at the edge of the decoration. Slung to his left side is a quiver containing one arrow. His movements are sculpturesque like a relief, economic, angular, rhythmical. Man's tendency is to prolong a gesture, to create and retain a pose and to balance any change in the decoration. With firm tread, fearless, Man comes through this strange wood. He pauses, looks at Girl. Her dreams afright him; he flies. Fate commands him to stand. Man controlled, assumes an attitude of protection towards Girl. His courage awakens love. But Sprite beckons her and she follows; so Man cannot hold her.

Fate then readjusts the design; the new-motives Woman as Queen, Man as Outlaw. Woman beholds her dawn blackened; she moves to the edge of the decoration and falls inert out of the design. Man, enraged, lets fly an imaginary arrow at Fate who deflects it with a motion of his hand. The Outlaw, baffled, stares aghast. Fate mocks him. Man kneels to Fate for mercy; he builds an altar to the gods. So Fate again lifts Woman to the edge of the decoration—a crown upon her brow, in her eyes the sign of grief. She sees the Man; she starts back in dread. But Man loves wholly now and Woman is about to stoop to him when Fate again separates them with a gesture and again places Girl, as maiden-in-waiting, at the edge of the decoration. True to character Man with conventionalized movement creeps into the forest and falls inert.

Girl merges into a new design. Fate hedges her with a storm. In terror Girl seeks shelter beneath the trees when the demi-urge lifts the sinister Crone-motif into the decoration.

"What would she teach?" Girl asks of Fate curiously.
"White cheeks to flame and burn
Till all their fire is dead," the demi-urge replies.

Again he lifts the Man-motif, now clothed in a monastic garb and places him at the edge of the decoration.

Sarony

ARNOLD DALY
Seen recently in the title rôle of "Beau Brummell" at the Cort

"He shall forget Woman-motif now,
Priest mind has use; it keeps the scene intact.

Only vaguely Man remembers Woman now; he has journeyed far, he has an offering in his hand, a living flower, a sign of pure devotion. Girl accepts the flower and moves with delicate conventionalized movement to the altar whereon she places it. Man loves Girl; but scenes must move swiftly for this master-craftsman, so Fate intervenes again.

"I know that I shall never see her more," Man cries in agony.
"Beyond this length of forest all is void.
How can the gods stand by and see so fair
And innocent a motif perish —yet
Raise not one hand to help her or restrain!
Do they snatch joy from her unhappiness?"

****************

"The gods are kind, but wish to be amused," the demi-urge smiles.

"Obey the decoration! Be not like
The Marionette who learned that there were strings and, seeking independence, severed them."

The monastic garb is dropped from Man. Fate wills Woman again into the picture. The great mystery of their life, their deep-grounded love again confronts them. Woman begs Man fly, since she brings only unhappiness.

"We'll make our own design!" Man cries, as Fate stands by laughing at their presumption.

"How slight a breath would puff them pell-mell into space,
And free the canvas for another theme!" he sneers.

A mad courage seizes Woman. She is prepared at last to embrace happiness when the demi-urge abruptly halts her impulse at the word of duty. Duty! The woman smiles in ecstacy; Fate touches her shoulder and she quietly steps from the decoration. Plucking the lotus from the stream he offers it to Man who tastes and wanders far into the forest. Thus ends revolt.

But doubtless they will strive once more; indeed, Fate gives them incarnation, lifts the Woman-motif and bids her once again be Temptress, and Man a Knight. In this design of life the Woman pleads there is no duty greater than their love, reminding Man the gods are powerless except to gaze. They find their love; the gods stare; Man is terrified; he feels their eyes upon him. The Woman protests; she will not surrender love for the pleasure of the strengthless gods. But those ancient staring eyes that will outlive moon and stars seem to compel submission. Man excoriates himself but finally flings defiance. He demands freedom (*Continued on page* 364)

LUCILE LAWRENCE
IN "AIDA"

Prima donna soprano who comes to the United States after singing with brilliant success in Europe. Will be a soloist at the rendition of Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem" at the Polo Grounds, June 4th

A real bit of "shadow drama"—Pauline Frederick and Thomas Holding in the Famous Players' picturization of Zangwill's "The Moment Before"

White

NEW YORK COMPOSERS AT
THE HIPPODROME'S TENTH ANNIVERSARY

Oscar Hammerstein (at the piano). Standing, left to right: Jerome D. Kern, Louis Hirsch, A. Baldwin Sloane, Rudolph Friml, Alfred Robyn, Gustav Kerker, Hugo Felix, John Philip Sousa, Leslie Stuart, Raymond Hubbell, John L. Golden, Sylvio Hein, and Irving Berlin

Gillies

Pasquale Amato, the Metropolitan baritone, and his wife in their home

Thompson

JOSEPH URBAN

The famous scenic artist at work on models for Percy MacKaye's Masque

## INTERESTING SNAPSHOTS OF SOME THEATRICAL NOTABILITIES

# Lyn Harding

## A Versatile Player

By HELEN TEN BROECK

White

AS KING HENRY VIII

White

LYN HARDING

White

IN "THE SPECKLED BAND"

AS SVENGALI IN "TRILBY"

White

AS BILL SYKES IN "OLIVER TWIST"

WHY don't you bring Lyn Harding to America?" I asked of Charles Frohman some six years ago in London.

"Do you think I want to kill my own stars?" challenged the great manager.

It was at the Adelphi Theatre, in the Strand, and "The Speckled Band," a successor to "Sherlock Holmes," was the play in which Mr. Harding appeared as the central figure. His searching and brilliant performance of the decadent hero swept a coldly critical London audience off its feet, and aroused the American actors in the theatre to generous cheers. The whirligig of time has brought Mr. Harding to America, and not since Constant Coquelin, premier comedian of Paris, came to America years ago in the support of another French star, and made the triumph of the event his own, has any actor from overseas won, unheralded and by sheer art, so unbroken a series of "hits." At the New Amsterdam Theatre, Mr. Harding has just crowned his career with a notably fine and vivid impersonation of the title rôle in "King Henry VIII," in Sir Herbert Tree's Shakespearean Tercentenary Festival.

Although a figure of prominence on the English stage, where he had been for a long time associated with Tree, Lyn Harding was quite unknown to American audiences when he was brought to this country some three or four seasons ago by William A. Brady as leading man for Grace George. From along the route of Miss George's brief tour came seismic rumblings to the effect that the new actor had scored very heavily in "Just To Get Married," a rather inconsequent piece produced in Chicago; but neither that play, nor "Much Ado About Nothing," in which Mr. Harding was hailed as an ideal Benedick, seemed to be quite fitted to the star, and so Miss George closed her season without bringing her new leading man to Broadway.

This was a piece of good luck for the management of an all-star revival of "Oliver Twist," who were looking for a Bill Sykes for that imposing production. Mr. Harding, who had played "Bill" with Tree in London, was handed the part, and his New York début was accomplished.

The sensational hit he scored as Dickens' virile villain upset all calculations of the management, and made Bill Sykes the dominant figure of the piece, instead of Old Fagin, admirably played by our own Nat Goodwin, the Nancy Sykes of Constance Collier, or the pathetic name part entrusted to Marie Doro. As Bill Sykes had been rather discounted in the casting of the piece, Mr. Harding's success in "running away with the show," as actors phrase it, was the more surprising; but it carried the play to triumph and established Lyn Harding as a factor to be reckoned with in the dramatic equation of the day.

Mr. Belasco promptly placed the new leading man under contract to play the ardent Irish lover in "Years of Discretion," and for a season he delighted audiences at the Belasco Theatre in that happy whimsy of middle age romance. Recalled by a previous contract to England, Mr. Harding spent last season in London, returning to play the rôle of Svengali with Phyllis-Neilson Terry. Again he was acclaimed by critics as having found more in the rôle of the sinister hypnotist than had been brought out by any previous impersonator of DuMaurier's dark-browed musician. Illness, however, cut short Miss Neilson-Terry's season, and again Mr. Harding returned to New York to create the central rôle in Arthur Hopkins' production of "The Devil's Garden." At the close of the New York run of that piece, Mr. Harding was engaged by Sir Herbert Tree to appear in his old rôle of Henry VIII, which he had played in the London production of the play at His Majesty's.

An acute dramatic intelligence, a stalwart physique, a wide and searching knowledge of Shakespearean tradition, a deep and reverent regard for the dramatist, and an impassioned love for Wales and all things Welsh—these qualities greet you the moment you meet Lyn Harding, who never fails to disclose his Welsh nativity with a patriotic pride.

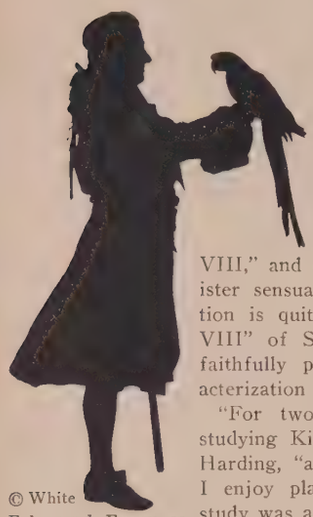
"Perhaps you forget that 'bluff King Hal' was a Welshman, but if you refresh your memory by a glance at English history, you will see at once that Henry VIII, second of the Tudor Kings, was the great-grandson of Owen Tudor, the Welsh knight, whose wife was Queen Catherine, widow of Henry V."

It is Lyn Harding who speaks, and when this player talks about Welsh bards, Welsh actors, or

White

JANE GREY AS MIRANDA AND LOUIS CALVERT AS PROSPERO IN THE PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY "THE TEMPEST" AT THE CENTURY

Welsh kings, it is worth anyone's while to listen. Mr. Harding has made the self indulgent King Hal, the central figure of Sir Herbert Tree's first Tercentenary festival production. To audiences trained to regard Queen Katherine and Cardinal Wolsey as dividing interest in the play, the amazing verisimilitude with which Mr. Harding invests the rôle, comes as a sort of Shakespearean shock. One hastens home from the theatre to reread "King Henry VIII," and discover that the sinister sensualist painted by tradition is quite unlike the "Henry VIII" of Shakespeare, which is faithfully pictured in the characterization of Mr. Harding.



© White
Edward Emery as Long John Silver and the parrot "Captain Flint"

"For two reasons I enjoyed studying King Henry," said Mr. Harding, "and for three reasons I enjoy playing the part. The study was a delight because King Henry was a Welshman—the first of my countrymen I have ever had the good fortune to play, and it was a delight because it was Shakespeare. Both these reasons enter into the joy of acting the part, and a third joy—that of playing with Sir Herbert Tree makes this Shakespearean festival something to be long remembered.

"How did I study the part?" Mr. Harding gave a humorous glance at the big table in the centre of the room. It was piled high with Shakespearean literature. Commentaries by this writer and that; English essays, our own Furness variorum 'Henry VIII,' Victor Hugo's Shakespeare, and several different editions of the plays, with French and German 'explanations' of the text, showed that profound and illuminating study had equipped the actor for his rôle.

© White
Jim Hawkins listens to Bill Bones' tales of pirates and buried treasure

"I studied King Henry from all angles and by the light of all available documents," he said, and then I went to rehearsal. Unless you have seen Sir Herbert Tree build up a play at rehearsal, you can have no adequate idea of his greatness. To watch him, to work with him, is a definite education, and I cannot imagine a greater joy than to follow out his line of thought, and realize his conception of a rôle in its relation to the play as a concrete whole, and to the other rôles as contributing units."

"How long was 'King Henry VIII' in rehearsal?" I asked.

Mr. Harding stared meditatively at an old print of the Tudor monarch that graced the wall.

"I can't really remember," he replied thoughtfully. "It was for some weeks, of course, but as a matter of fact, every performance of a Shakespearean production with Tree is a rehearsal; for that master of stagecraft and *nuance* is forever on the alert for shades of meaning in an actor's reading, and if by any illuminating flash, one happens to throw a new light on a hackneyed line, it is caught and fixed in a moment by that most alert and acute of students."

With awful candor, I ventured to express my inability to accord wild admiration to Sir Herbert Tree as an actor. Mr. Harding looked horrified—exactly, I fancy as he would have looked had I mutilated the bust of Shakespeare at his elbow.

"Have you ever seen Tree as Malvolio?" he inquired. "It is the finest individual characterization of any Shakespearean rôle I have seen in years. It is as wonderful in detail as a Meissonier, as broad in conception as a Durer. And his Shylock for power and subtlety is as dramatic as it is intellectual. I have never seen Sir Herbert Tree's Svengali, but I am told it is a characterization fit to hang side by side with Sir Henry Irving's performance of Matthias in 'The Bells,' while as for his Lear——" But here I coldly interrupted what promised to be a glowing panegyric and asked Mr. Harding to say something about his own Svengali.

© White
Dr. Livesey, Squire Trelawney and Jim Hawkins examine the chart

"I am told," he said, "that Svengali has always been played as a very, very dirty old party. A careful study of Du Maurier's novel side by side with Paul Potter's admirable script has not convinced me that he was quite so filthy as he is painted. I found in the character a sort of left-handed gaiety, and played him as a far less terrible and more human person than the critics who reviewed Miss Neilson Terry's Trilby had previously known. I have heard actors say that no man with a duality of consciousness can be quite human or normal, and that therefore Svengali should be played not as a man with a dangerous gift, but as a monster.

"But I maintain that everyone of us has a distinct second mind—a mind within a mind that works quite independently of the ordinary mental processes. Certainly I know that I am always aware of this second consciousness when I am playing a part. There is the mind that is cognizant of external facts, and there is the mind that directs the actions of the man one is impersonating. And it is when these two minds—the mind that reasons and the mind that prompts to instinctively proper acts are fused and blended into one and act together we are conscious of a certain joyous power in our work—indefinable but very strongly felt. So why should a dual mind even wrongly used, be regarded as a supernatural thing? My Svengali is a chap who carries out his merciless design of ambition in controlling the mind and the voice of Trilby without conscience, but without meanness. He is normal enough to laugh and normal enough to have been admitted to the companionship of Trilby and her companions."

Wherever it strays, Mr. Harding's conversation about the stage always returns, I find, to Shakespeare. And from Svengali and Trilby he turned to Shylock. Before this chat finds its way into print, Sir Herbert Tree's production of "The Merchant of Venice" will have been given to the New York public. But when I talked on Easter Monday to Mr. Harding it was as yet unsettled whether he would appear in the production. "I hope I may do so," he said, "for whether one pays a great part or a minor one in a Shakespearean play, it is always a delight to read the lines of the great bard of England. It is a weariness and a bitter bore to repeat over and over throughout an extended run the words of any part except one of Shakespeare's. At least that has been my experience. One never feels that he has come to the end of the possibilities of a Shakespearean rôle.

And because Shakespeare IS so interesting to the actor, because his infinite variety, his baffling and stimulating subtlety do so pique and inspire the actor's interest, I am quite certain that notwithstanding the dicta of George Bernard Shaw, of Tolstoi and other Russian iconoclasts and of the pessimistic critics of your own America that Shakespeare will never be abandoned or crowded off the stage. Indeed, I confidently look forward to celebrating the tercentenary of the Shakespearean Tercentenary in another incarnation three hundred years from now."

Somewhere outside, a church clock chimed the mystic hour of seven, and while I longed to learn the Welsh actor's views on reincarnation and other fascinating and puzzling mysteries which, coming from him, could not fail to be of interest, a voice within me murmured sweet nothings about dinner and I hastened away.

© White Blind Pew passes the dreaded black spot to Bill Bones

**SILHOUETTES OF THE CHARACTERS IN "TREASURE ISLAND" AT THE PUNCH AND JUDY THEATRE**

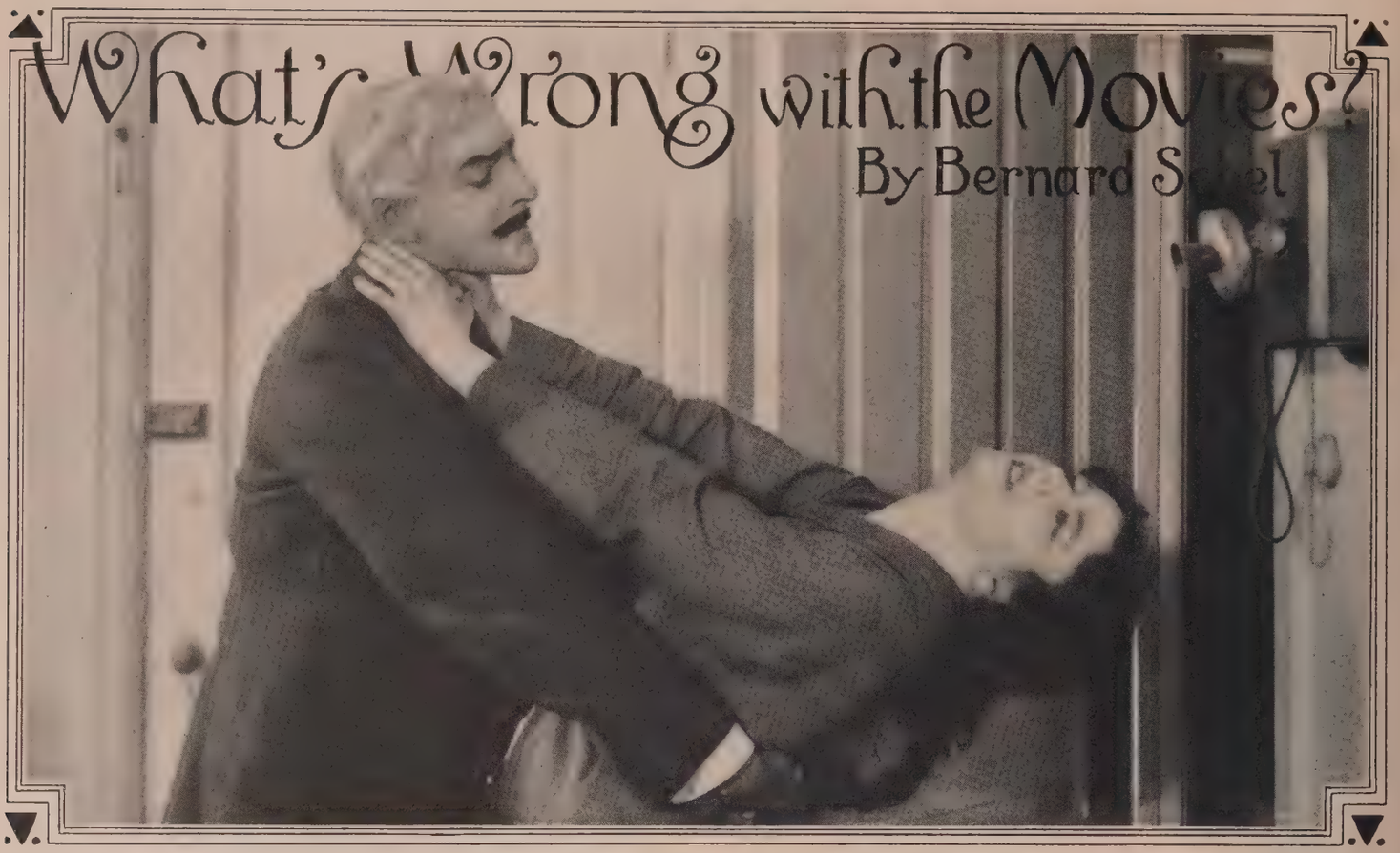
Photo Arthur Woodward

**MME. BERTHA KALICH IN HER HOME**

This well-known actress is now appearing in motion pictures with the Fox Film Corporation. She is shortly to be seen in a new film drama entitled "Slander"

# What's Wrong with the Movies?

By Bernard Sobel



If scenes showing assaults on women are considered bad taste on the legitimate stage, why should they be tolerated on the screen? Picture shown in "The Fourth Estate." (Fox Film Co.)

THERE are definite reasons why the motion picture is not successful from the standpoint of art, and these reasons are based on the simplest æsthetic principles.

All the arts, while they delight, strive also to elevate and inspire by means of suggestion or by symbol, by emphasizing the spiritual and the intellectual, and by stimulating the senses to the possibilities of pure beauty. Virtually all these purposes are denied the typical motion picture because of the very nature of its sole medium of expression—the physical in man and nature.

JACKIE SAUNDERS
Popular and typical movie heroine
(Balboa)

The motion picture cannot make a sustained or lofty appeal to the intellect or spirit, because it must first of all, reduce everything of the mind and the spirit to the physical. It has only one way of accomplishing its purpose and that is through the visible medium of the body, and as a result, all purposes, great and exalted, must be accommodated or reduced to the physical plane.

Love, for instance, is a subject that has provided inspiration for the loftiest expressions of art. Its manifestations are evidenced by beautiful lyrics; by sustained and noble prose, revealing the complexity of this great passion; by imposing though impersonal works of sculpture; or by a music motif *en rapport* in mood with the seemingly inexpressible.

Such variety and delicacy of presentation is impossible to the motion picture which can at best show only one side of love. The early stages are displayed by means of emotional posturing, honeyed smiles, exaggerated ogling and hands clasped or merely in contact, frequently enlarged photographically to make the point more clear. The actual presence of love itself is portrayed through violent and frequent embraces, cloying and extravagant, bordering often on physical abandon. Meanwhile the audience, intently following the progress of the film, has forgotten that love can also be a thing of the mind and the spirit, a thing that transcends time and place. The outward manifestations of the love of Romeo and Juliet are easily portrayed, but what of the tragic sublimity of their love?

*A strong indictment of the moving picture as presented to-day and cogent reasons why it cannot make a sustained or lofty appeal reducing everything as it does to the merely physical*

Religion suffers similarly, for ceremony form and ritual displace real significance. And other worthy subjects suffer alike.

Heroism as an act indicative of spiritual power is virtually impossible in the "movies." If a person is heroic he proves the fact by throwing himself in front of a train, by daring another to engage in personal combat, by saving the heroine from a fire, by swimming a torrent or by performing some other Herculanean task. Sidney Carton's act of heroism may be shown, but never the heroism of his act. Suffering is evidenced by physical pain, sickness, death, and frequently torture, but the message that pain and suffering carries to mankind is missing. Peer Gynt, a tremendous study in morals, becomes a mere narrative on the screen. Pierre and Jean and their experiences are possible to the "movies," but is the suffering of their mother?

Apparently then, the only form of suffering that the "movies" are able to present is physical suffering, and as a result, audiences are learning to regard suffering calmly from the security of a theatre seat, unconsciously developing a morbid appetite for horror.

G. M. ANDERSON
(Broncho Bill)
Favorite type of movie hero
(Essanay)

We, as Americans, have always affected a certain disgust for Spanish bull fights, but now we seem to enjoy them in the "movies," and, worse yet, find a certain relish in watching degenerates entrap women, or cruelly lash men and women bound to trees.

All this, of course, relates primarily to the themes and subjects depicted. The themes, in the main, are as primitive as the crudest melodrama and designed along identical lines; incidents are valuable only in proportion to their sensationalism while moral and purpose are sentimentalistic and popular.

The plays must end happily. The villains must be incarcerated and punished; the heroes must triumph. If by any chance a heroine has been ruined, inadvertently or by force of circumstances, she must die before the reel is finished.

This particular requirement is the widest removed from the literature of to-day which from Ibsen down has devoted itself conscientiously to the moral, social and economic causes for the

sinning woman; and which has done so much to say that she should live and not die.

As a result the characters are virtually static. Growth, that joy of the reader and of the really great writer, is denied, Once a villain always a villain, stubbornly repenting only when brought under external restraint. People scoff at these things in the ten—twenty—thirties. Don't they realize that they are getting the same thing, only worse, in the "movies"? And the "movies" are worse because they are so personal—resembling, as James Huneker has said, the wax works. The characters are the actors themselves, and as such, are made representatives of so intimate and familiar a type that they can not raise their own personalities above themselves to an elevated symbolic plane. It is the same old difference in

SCENE IN "THE TELEGRAPHER'S DAUGHTER"
(Universal Film)

SCENE IN "FROM OUT THE FLOOD"
(Lubin Film)

appeal that a Greek statue makes, when placed next to a wax figure in a dry goods store.

But bad plots, and lack of morals might even been tolerated if the "movies" did not insist upon ignoring the power of intellect. Those rules, however, are arbitrary. Never credit your audience with any intelligence, and never let it think. Never suggest. Always diagram, explain, and then diagram again. If a situation took place in the past; if a man is about to attempt a certain deed, if people are presumably about to fall in love, don't give the audience a chance to figure these matters out for itself. No. Show every detail, however petty, and then show it again, in a little cloud of vapor, or in a dream, or in a photograph.

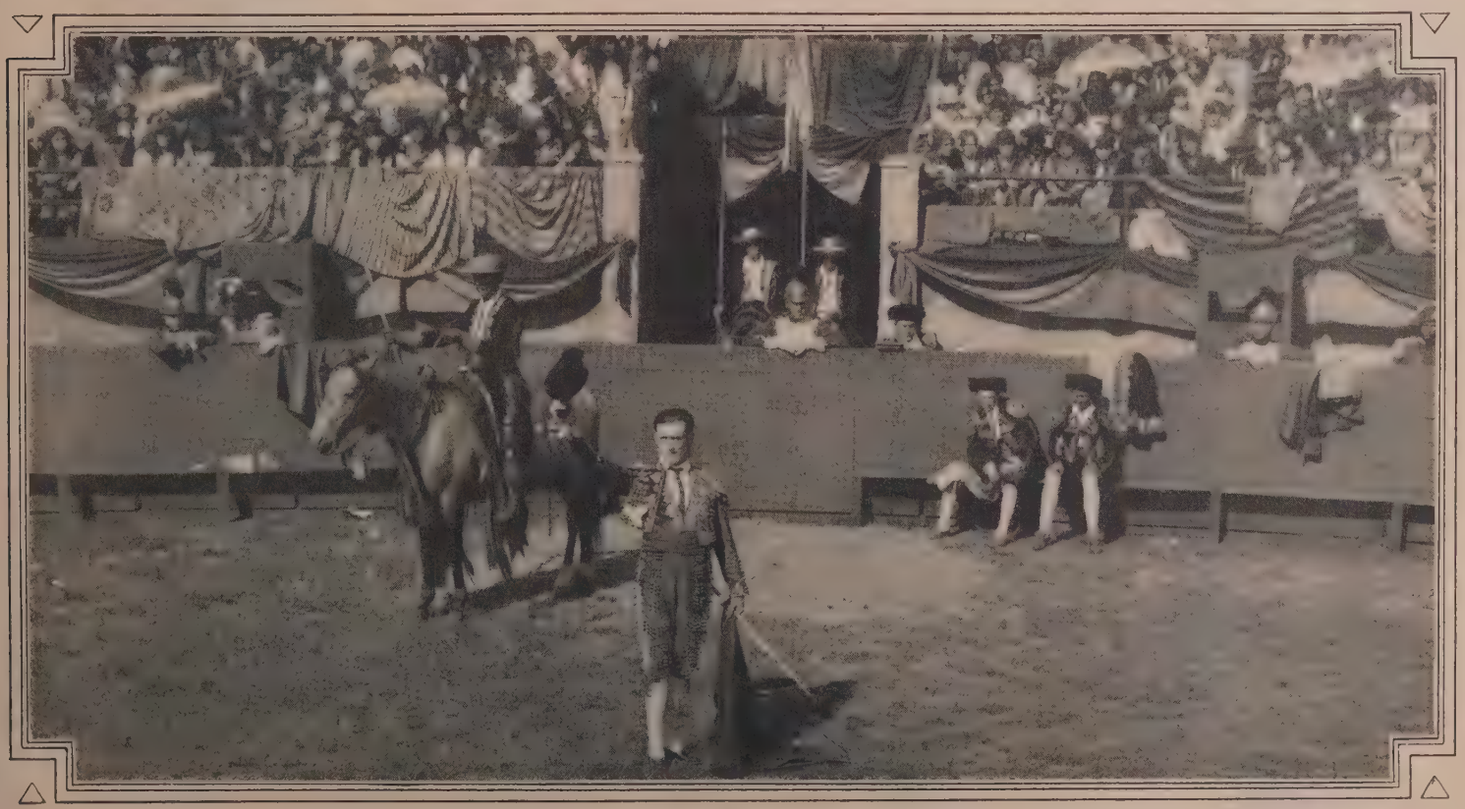
Then proceed to inform the audience as to the exact conditions by inserting a printed, explanatory slide written preferably in words of one syllable, because the motion picture guides suggest that one syllable words are best adapted to the miscellaneous, not to say promiscuous audiences that enjoy them. All this is done in spite of the fact that people who have loved art have said scores of times with Walter Pater that " an artist is known by what he omits."

That the "movies" cater to only one sense has often been said. The eyes are appealed to, with what a pathological effect only time can tell—and all other powers are in abeyance.

Even that much-vaunted feature of the "movies"—scenery—is not all that could be desired. When the action is in the foreground, and the characters are near, the sky is usually excluded from view while the majority of interiors are typical of that dull, ineffective stage scenery from which Max Reinhardt and Gordon Craig are trying to free us.

Most people like the "movies," I believe, because their imaginations are starved. Lacking the time or the inclination for books, good paintings and good music they remain, nevertheless, hungry for the stories and emotional stimulants. When this hunger is satisfied, and I believe that this time will come soon, the "movies" will have to be revolutionized or die a natural death.

The "movies" like to take equal rank with the arts, but how sorry are their pretensions. The real arts have transcended their own spheres and have mutually stimulated and influenced. A great scene in a novel or a play may inspire a painter or a composer, and they, in turn, may inspire others. There have been paintings of Lorna Doone, musical compositions on Böcklein's "The Island of the Dead," and sculpture on the Aeneid. The (*Continued on page* 364)



AMERICANS HAVE ALWAYS AFFECTED A CERTAIN DISGUST FOR SPANISH BULL FIGHTS, BUT NOW WE SEEM TO ENJOY THEM IN THE MOVING PICTURE. SCENE IN THE SCREEN PRODUCTION OF "CARMEN." (FOX FILM)

Photo Moffett, Chicago

Very Sincerely -
- Helen Watkins -

# Manufacturing Stage Laughter

By BURR CHAPMAN COOK

White
TOTO

Leading comedian at the Hippodrome, whose comedy is of the slap stick variety. Note conventionalized features make-up, in which the rigidity of the expression creates amusement.

EVERYBODY likes to laugh! Between forty and fifty thousand people crowd the theatres every night, in New York City alone, because they want to be amused. High-brow or low-brow, tired business man or disciple of culture, all are willing to forget the tedium of existence and meet on the democratic level of the ludicrous. But how many of the thousands who laugh at the scenes in a play are aware of the careful mechanism which has built up each particular chortle? The art of getting laughs is one of the most difficult branches in the curriculum of the drama. Its recipe consists of a bit of mathematics, a dash of psychology, a flavoring of logic, and two heaping spoonsful of the knowledge of human nature.

It might surprise the average person to be told that practically every word and gesture, from the opening to the close of a modern comedy, is timed. David Belasco is an enthusiastic exponent of this method, and anyone who cared to experiment, would find that the same speech and the same action occurred at exactly the same moment at each successive performance of a Belasco comedy. The reason for this is soon apparent. In "The Boomerang," there is the situation of a normally healthy young man, suffering from jealousy, who is taken to a doctor by his anxious mother. The doctor—himself somewhat flustered, as it is his first case—requests the young man to be seated, looks him over carefully, and then starts to take his temperature. For a brief moment the love-sick young gentleman gazes uncomprehendingly at the physician.

Right here is where the timing process comes in. The audience is aware of the real nature of the youth's malady, and when the doctor begins his absurd procedure there is an inclination to laugh. They are amused at the situation. But, if the young man had immediately complied, and allowed the thermometer to be placed in his mouth, this desire to laugh would have been diverted, and the attention given to the ensuing action. Wallace Eddinger, who plays the part of the love-sick young man, makes a pause here, say of ten beats or so, and then turns slowly and perplexedly toward the doctor. How carefully this is timed—one second too many and the scene would fall flat—but just time enough, and the gathering ripple of laughter swells into a wave that sweeps spontaneously across the audience.

"That laugh is strong. I'll give it twelve beats instead of ten," muses Mr. Eddinger as he holds his attitude and listens to the gathering mirth.

Here again is where the good comedian is distinguished from the bad. The actor who plays comedy must have a fine sense of timing. He feels out his audience with that intuitive sympathy which responds to the slightest external stimulus. The moment he hears a burst of laughter his nerves are tuned like sensitive aerials to every vibration. He knows precisely how long that laugh can be held, or how far a pause may be carried with a cumulative effect. And just before the laugh drops, the next line must be spoken. This is an art in itself—learning how to give an audience full measure of their mirth—but still to hold up the continuity of the discourse and carry them along with the changing moods of the play.

"In this business of comedy," smiled Mr. Eddinger, "perhaps the most important factor in the final laugh is the one least suspected of producing it—I mean the actor with the so-called 'feed' line. The actual words used by the comedian, which may be likened to the fuse that ignites the powder, are, in themselves, quite prosaic and unimportant. Fifty per cent. of the cause of that laugh has been the preparation for it, the building up to it. And in this preparation the comedian himself plays only a minor part.

"Every single laugh a comedian gets in a play," continued Mr. Eddinger, "could be smothered in gloom merely by a wrong intonation on the part of the actor or actress playing opposite him; even by a gesture or an inadvertent cough. One thing the comedian himself must do is to maintain absolute repose during a laugh—oftentimes no easy matter. The moment an audience feels that the instrument of their pleasure is conscious of the effect he is producing—flop!—they stop like a shot. Although 'The Boomerang' is strictly light comedy, in which the laughter is modulated, we have a number of howling farce laughs, and it is very difficult to pretend not to notice the interruption and to preserve the legitimate balance of the scene. The mechanism used to attain this end is a change from what is known as the comedy tone, to the serious voice. When properly executed this quick distinction in intonation re-establishes the scene on its footing of reality."

White
SCENE IN "THE BOOMERANG"

Wallace Eddinger is a splendid light comedian, whose great skill lies in technique and interpretation. Note that the sitting posture makes the scene more humorous

White
ERNEST TRUEX IN "VERY GOOD EDDIE"

A comedian who makes use of the speech impediment, by using a lisp

Bangs
SIDNEY GREENSTREET AS SIR TOBY BELCH

Comedy which has to be literally forced over, and in which the art of make-up plays a large part.

While timing is, perhaps, the first and most important factor in laugh manufacture, the use of the voice is of great significance. It will often be noticed that some of the most humorous lines a comedian speaks are said with the very least effort; almost as "asides." But, though the laugh appears unexpected and therefore the more enjoyable, it has been painstakingly built up. Many weary hours of practice were put on the five or six words which caused the merriment, until the actor was satisfied that the intonation was neither too loud nor too soft, but, though given with every appearance of nonchalance, it carried to the most remote corner of the gallery.

"What are some sure-fire comedy hits?" remarked Charles Ruggles, leading comedian in "Rolling Stones." "Well, ther's 'hell' and 'damn,' tripping and stumbling, and any mention of the Ford automobile. They always get laughs. And you may not know it, but most of the real laughs, high-brow or low-brow, start up under the roof—up there where they pay fifty and seventy-five cents to see the show.

"There are a thousand tricks used to inveigle the stray laugh," went on Mr. Ruggles. "The constant repetition of a word or sentence is an ever-present form of comedy—as Fred Stone's 'very good Eddie.' Shaking one's fist behind a person's back and then, when suddenly confronted, smiling sweetly, is another sure way of getting a laugh. Often by admitting a thing and then confessing you don't know what you admitted, is stock material: example—'Don't you

© Ira L. Hill

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARTHA HEDMAN, NOW APPEARING IN "THE BOOMERANG"

know what solopsism is?' 'Sure I do! What is it?' One very familiar piece of business is to bring about a quick transition. One instant something has been said which causes a broad grin to come to the listener's face, but the concluding words change the grin to a look of alarm or terror. A thing which constantly eludes its pursuer always forces a giggle out of an audience. A rude form of this is the clown who tries to pick up his hat only to constantly kick it from under his grasp at every attempt."

The above-mentioned are mostly the twists and tricks accorded to spoken lines, or puns and gags. There are likewise stock situations which arouse the risible emotions. Perhaps the most prevalent source of amusement found in the comedy of situation is repetition. The underlying principle upon which this effect works can be illustrated by the following example. If you meet some morning a person whom you have not seen for a long time there is nothing particularly funny about it. But, should you happen upon him again at noon, and once more in the afternoon, and again at night—three or four times in the same day—it gradually becomes ludicrous.

It will be found that, in comedy of situation, it is generally the imaginative anticipation of an audience which creates the hilarity. A good example of this was brought out in the farce-comedy, "She's In Again." In this play it was necessary, for purposes of the plot, for a male character to make an innocent spinster lady intoxicated. The gentleman in question seized an immense tumbler from the table and, with one eye on the lady and the other on the brandy bottle, began pouring. The instant he picked up the very large glass there was a slight titter, but as, inch by inch, he steadily poured the liquor into it, this titter swelled into a laugh. By the time the immense glass was filled to the brim, and an inappreciable squirt of vichy had been added to the top, the audience was in an uproar.

It is hard to tell exactly why we laugh. As a broad rule it may be started that when the human body begins to resemble a machine we laugh at it. This is the reason repetition is so very effective, whether in lines or situations. It has a tendency to suggest mechanism. In "The Two Virtues" E. H. Sothern, during one of his speeches, struck the table with his hand about twenty times in succession, though quite unconsciously. The effect was mechanical and therefore laughable. The psychological principle involved is the fact that all life is negation of repetition, and when we see something before us repeating itself continually, it becomes unlifelike and comical. You have often seen a public speaker make some peculiar gesture, which, the first time it was done, was not particularly amusing, but as soon as it was repeated three or four times it caused one to smile. The suggestion here again is of mechanism.

Burlesque comedy gets its effects by the slapstick method. This is giving an appearance of automatism to life, of making the human being into a mechanical or wooden doll, devoid of emotions. One very common contrivance for creating laughter is to stutter or stammer, or in some other way affect an impediment in speech. This is, psychologically, the mind crystallizing or becoming mechanical, just as the body does in the other instances. There are a horde of comedians who affect this speech impedimenta: Clifton Crawford, William Gillette, May Irwin, Al Jolson, to mention only a few.

Anything becomes comical when we divert our attention from the matter to the form. A public speaker who sneezes just at the most pathetic moment is ludicrous. The image suggested is that of a person embarrassed by his body. This is the reason a fat man is always a subject of mirth. The tragic dramatist can never call attention to the material side of his heroes. Eating, drinking, or warming oneself indicates that one is anxious about the body, and the comic is not far distant. Examine any play you have seen recently and see if this theory does not apply. A very striking example of it was noticeable in Grace George's late production of "The Liars." Conway Tearle, who took the leading male part, although he appeared in practically every scene of the play, never once sat down. A speech delivered in a standing posture is more dramatic than one given while sitting.

All human frailties are essentially comical. Vanity is one of the most amusing of human weaknesses. Pomposity, selfishness, absent mindedness, conceit, sentimentality, are all causes of laughter. And you will find each one of these frailties specialized in by comedians the world over. Paul Ker, who played the Italian opera singer both in "The Million" and in "Twin Beds," is a good example.

"The motif of all my comedy," smiled Mr. Ker "is conceit. When I am on the stage I actually convince myself, for the time being, that I am, without doubt, the greatest opera singer that ever lived. Caruso, McCormack, who are they? I am so far superior to them, that they are not fit to dust my boots. And the more convincingly pompous and conceited I can appear the more ludicrous it is to an audience. At the height of my vanity, as in "Twin Beds," my wife refers to me as her 'dago picture puzzle.' It is this sharp contrast which seems to delight an audience; they enjoy ridiculing the frailties which they see in themselves and in others."

Every type of comedy—musical, burlesque, light comedy—has its special mode of mechanical procedure. But Shakespearean comedy is the most difficult to get across. In the latter, the mechanics of laugh-getting are reduced to the most rudimentary principles. The comedy has often to be forced, and the art lies in not letting an audience discover this.

# Actors In Their Dressing Rooms

CHARLES WINNINGER
Making up for Jean Paurel in "The Cohan Revue 1916"

JOSEPH CAWTHORN
in "Sybil" at the Liberty

DONALD BRIAN
as the Grand Duke Constantine in "Sybil"

White

EDWARD EMERY
Who plays Long John Silver in "Treasure Island"

FRED NIBLO
Making up for Billy Holliday at the Harris

OTIS SKINNER
as Othello in "Cock o' the Walk"

CECIL LEAN
at the Casino in "The Blue Paradise"

"A good deal of comedy in Shakespeare," remarked Sidney Greenstreet, a well-known Shakespearean comedian, and probably one of the best Sir Toby Belchs' on the English-speaking stage, "is inherent in the spirit in which it is played. Perhaps the reason it is so much more difficult to get laughs in Shakespearean comedy than in the modern drama is due, to a large extent, to the changed conceptions of comedy in general. In the classical comedies the so-called "pointing" of a laugh is very necessary. This is done by securing the attention of the audience prior to the speaking of the actual laugh line. A pause, a wink, a grimace, all will help to prepare your auditors for the laugh line which is to follow. It is even possible to laugh yourself before you speak the line, and by so doing build up a laugh where there normally is none. The whole idea is in leading the audience to anticipate that something good is coming. But no matter what sort of comedy it is, the comedian has got to feel that the thing he is saying or doing is funny, otherwise it won't be. Convince yourself and you can convince your audience."

Just as laughs may be built up, they may also be torn down. The ways of killing a laugh are numerous. Any movement by the other actors on the stage will distract attention and kill a laugh line. A noise in the audience, interruption by the next line, delayed or too ready response to the "feed" line, called "muffing the feed"; all these and many other causes contribute toward putting the kibosh on the merry chortle. It is in this respect that the man who "feeds" the lines holds the wires to the laugh dynamo.

A discussion of the mechanics of laugh-getting would not be complete without a brief word upon the environment of comedy. Many and many a perfectly good comedy has been killed because of its inappropriate setting. Edgar Selwyn, who has produced as many light, and farce comedies as any person in America, is a strong advocate of the fact that comedy must be played in light, delicate colors. This applies to costumes as well as scenery. In the second place, the scenery must not dwarf the characters and to avoid this you will find that the sets in such a play as "Rolling Stones," for example, are very much lower and smaller than those of a play such as "The Hawk," or "The Lie," or "Madame X." A large theatre is bad for comedy. Modern light comedy can only be played in the small, intimate theatre.

OPHELIA MUSE
Leading woman of the Lincoln Stock Co.

EXTERIOR OF THE LINCOLN THEATRE, WEST 135th STREET

WALKER THOMPSON
Leading man of the Lincoln Stock Co.

# A Unique American Playhouse

UNIQUE among the playhouses of America is New York's New Lincoln Theatre, located on 135th Street, just West of Lenox Avenue. During the past three months, long enough for the success of the undertaking to be firmly established, the Lincoln, catering exclusively to a colored clientèle, has housed a stock company composed of negro players under the direction of Billie Burke, a manager and playwright of long experience. Not merely as an oddity in the history of the stage, but as a factor in broadening the outlook of many hundreds of New York's colored residents, the work being accomplished at the New Lincoln merits attention.

Some seven years ago, Mrs. M. C. Downs opened a small motion picture house on the site now occupied by the commodious theatre. In time, the growth of the negro settlement and the consequent increase of patronage warranted an enlargement and the introduction of vaudeville. Emboldened by consistently satisfactory support, Mrs. Downs determined to give her colored patrons a building and an entertainment in which they might take pride—the same personal pride that a small town man feels in the prosperity of local institutions. This ambition was in part realized last October with the opening of the Lincoln as a vaudeville house. It has been more fully attained since the installation of Mr. Burke's stock company.

Both Mrs. Downs and her director, having had ample opportunity to study the characteristics of negro audiences, concluded that their patrons were particularly partial to quantity—the greatest possible return for money invested. In introducing stock it was not deemed wise to abandon vaudeville; hence this remarkable combination of entertainment with the top price twenty-five cents at matinées and thirty-five cents in the evening. A new four-act play every week, six vaudeville acts changed semi-weekly, and photoplays changed every day, a full three hours' entertainment supplemented by a colored orchestra of seven pieces. With this policy in vogue, the 850 seats in the orchestra, balcony and boxes are nearly always occupied, and if the play is especially popular, late comers may be found standing three deep. Need it be added that the Lincoln Stock Company pays, for it is not a philanthropic institution.

The attitude of the audiences gathered in their own theatre—they regard it as such—has little in common with that of the sophisticated playgoer. Dramas, more ambitious than a vaudeville sketch, are a new experience to them, or rather, were a new experience when Mr. Burke staged his initial production. The response, particularly during the early weeks of the innovation, was emotional and erratic. Even now, with a clientèle partially educated in stage effects, Mr. Burke finds that strong bits of melodrama, anything, in fact, that excites fear or horror in the audience, is met by laughter verging on hysteria. The action generally is followed in silence until a striking climax arouses a contagious and noisy demonstration.

Having experimented with drama of many types, the director has discovered a marked preference for productions permitting the use of drawing rooms and pretty clothes. It is always a great point in a play's favor if the actors, and more especially the actresses, are well dressed. The negro is essentially interested in ladies and gentlemen and has scant sympathy for crooks or Western bandits.

Here, as in other stock organizations, the personal popularity of the leading players is proving of value. Walker Thompson, leading man, and Ophelia Muse, the leading woman, have become distinct favorites and competent actors under the tutelage of Mr. Burke.

Most of the company had gained some experience in vaudeville, an inadequate preparation for the work of producing a new four-act play every week; but they were willing to study and to rehearse indefatigably, memorizing each bit of stage business with surprising accuracy.

That the New Lincoln is exerting an influence on the social life of the negro district of Harlem is evidenced by Mrs. Downs' book containing reservations for box-seats, many of them engaged for a certain night of each week. Scrupulously neat, well ventilated, tastefully decorated and thoroughly modern in incidental conveniences, the management has overlooked nothing in making the theatre a wholesome institution in the community. In time it is probable that more pretentious plays will be presented. Thus far, the taste of the negro has been gratified by a varied assortment, including "Oliver Twist," "Bud Carey's Alibi," "Goldenhead" and "Tempest and Sunshine."

LYNDE DENIG.

the soup of the epicure

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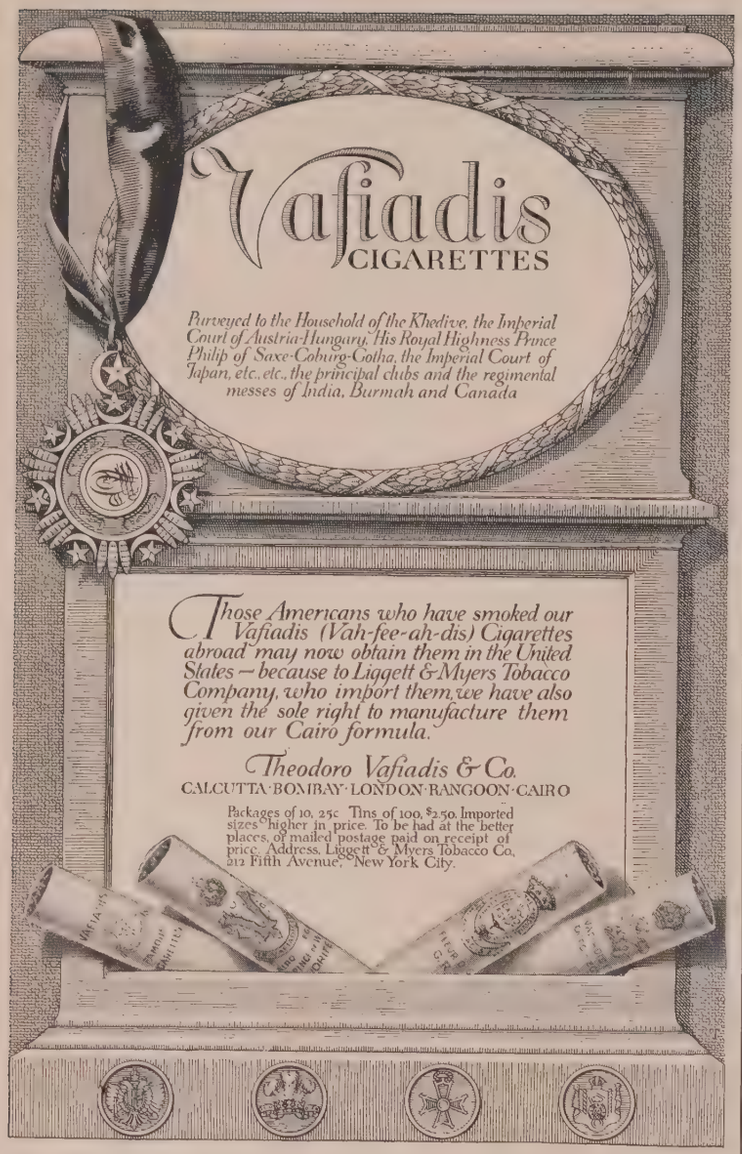


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## The Grotesques

(*Continued from page 350*)

Fate grants he shall have freedom, even beyond his wish. Sprite enters and reaches one hand toward Girl. He seizes her; he has her for himself forever, if there come no help. Fate pays no heed; Man does not help. A desperate silence brings the design to stagnation.

"What matter? Let the end be dexterous!
Then to new canvas and a different theme
Backgrounds are many as the stars themselves."
And stripping the canvas clear of moon and stars, Fate flings his beings once more into the void.

The verse staccato, cryptic, impressionistic is merely employed as an explanation to the movement of the characters themselves. Situations are visualized in action first and then embellished with words enough to make the motive clear. In the black and white conventionalized stage pictures the author admits the influence of Beardsley and Alastair. His philosophy, old as the world, seems new with a strange freshness in its ultra-modern setting.

The tragedy is written in one act of an hour's duration. In its presentation there is no curtain. The actors have no respite and when not engaged in revealing a design within the decoration must lie in limp and grotesque attitudes beyond the frame where Fate has dropped them, yet always within view of the gods. Nothing more interesting has ever been produced at this little theatre of lofty ideals and fine purpose.

## What's Wrong With The Movies?

(*Continued from page 357*)

"movies," however, lacking endurance and quite unsocial, appeal not to the arts, but to the eye alone. All other faculties are left in abeyance. Shakespeare lies admittedly beyond the "movies." Could a more effective evidence of their futility be presented? Relying on mob psychology, they can affect thousands through scenes of degeneracy; but the intellectuality of "Hamlet," the glories of the Histories and the beauties of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are beyond their scope.

The "movies" furnish a remarkable example of the efficacy of the camera, but, when all is said and done, a camera is only a camera, and a photograph is only a photograph.

### New Columbia Records

Every music lover of every form of music will find somewhere in the Columbia June list of recordings some selection to give him pleasure. There is Kathleen Parlow's violin, singing the wail of Dvorak's "Indian Lament in G Minor," and Drigo's Serenade "Les Millions D'Arlequin." Leopold Godowsky gives two wonderful interpretations of Liszt's "Concert Etude No. 2 in D Flat," and Chopin's eternally loved "Nocturne in E Flat." His Majesty's Grenadier Guard Band—the organization that played at the famous ball and night before Waterloo—gives inspiring performances of Rossini's "Tancredi Overture" and Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas Overture." The orchestra list includes Thomas' "Mignon Overture," four instrumental trios, "Saint Säens "Serenade," Valensin's "Célèbre Menuet," "Come Back to Erin" and "Ever of Thee."

Louis Graveure, the phenomenal Belgian baritone, sings Lamberts' beautiful "She Is Far From the Land," and Hope Temple's "An Old Garden." Henri Scott, basso of the Metropolitan Opera Company adds Pinsuti's "I Fear No Foe" and Watson's "Thy Sentinel Am I" to his list of Columbia recordings. *Advt.*

## "Movies" and Critics

(*Continued from page 346*)

made by certain managers, to the effect that criticism is mischievous.

The ludicrous situations, and the perfectly obvious incidents are utterly beyond the reach of criticism, and they need it no more than do certain vulgar and impossible plays on the real stage. Everything in a picture goes, and goes without argument. There is no discussion and no "pro and con."

In one of Miss Farrar's pictures, the murdered man, just as he was about to die, wrote a note and left it by his side, saying "So-and-So killed me." In a play we should have laughed ourselves sick at the crudity and the falsity of the device. The pictures, however, are not supposed to mirror real life, but simply the preposterous and far-fetched life that is offered to the unthinking mob.

Nearly all the bad plays, those that have failed rapidly as drama, make excellent pictures. This is one of the curiosities of the business. The despair of the stage is the hope of the picture house. The store houses must be filled with material for successful films.

The real danger to the stage seemed to lie in the fact that the photo plays would be lifted towards the realms of art, and that the low appeal would gradually vanish in the perfection of the thing.

At one time, it looked very much as though the screens would touch the heights of psychology, and attempt flights that the stage itself is physically unable to undertake. This is not at all likely now. The "industry" is so purely speculative, so inordinately commercial, and so completely engrossed in the material side of life, that the "inner mind" is left untampered with. Nothing has arisen to compete with the beauty of the spoken word, the literary idea, and the spiritual interest of the drama.

The drama is impregnably safe—so safe that it can sit on its rock and laugh! It can survey the contortions of the photo play with serene satisfaction. It can afford to let its artists fill their pockets—at so much per minute—and then welcome them back with their swollen resources.

"When I have made enough money from the pictures to enable me to produce the plays that I want to produce, and not feel the loss that I may possibly incur, I shall have achieved my ambition," is the sort of speech that I have heard from those whom I looked upon at first as renegades. It is a sound point of view—a trifle unflattering to the films, and perhaps a trifle ungrateful.

Even this will pass, and the pictures will rely upon those who have made picture reputations for themselves. Some of these are so interesting that the ingratitude and greed of picture companies would seem to be very flagrant. Why should the artists of the legitimate be sought after when there are such satisfactory screen actors as Mary Pickford, Clara Kimball Young, and Norma Talmadge? The last named is the one screen artist, in my course of picture going that really handed me an impression. Miss Talmadge is so expressive, so legitimate, and so wonderfully picturesque, that the inanity of securing people from the spoken stage, for the sake of the popularity that they won there, seems to be—well, just the vagaries of profound commercialism.

The masses prefer Irving Berlin to Beethoven or Debussy, but the positions of Beethoven and Debussy have not been budged—nor will they ever be budged.

ALAN DALE.

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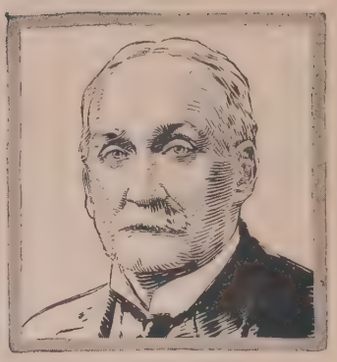

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## My Stage Life

(*Continued from page* 339)

rapher waiting to take a flashlight of a new scene.

But my heart, as well as my mind, went into the work, and I enjoyed it. From the first announcement of our plans early last September, we received encouraging support and through seven months of uninterrupted performances our clientèle increased. What better endorsement could one ask for the idea of a really able stock company in a repertory of significant plays?

I have already expressed my opinion of "The New York Idea," which ran at the Playhouse from September 28th to November 9th. "The Liars," another popular revival, was followed on December 9th by George Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara," a play that we secured with no little difficulty and at considerable expense, after the exchange of many letters and cablegrams. Mr. Shaw finally consented to the production, stipulating that no alterations be made in the text. He also insisted on fifty consecutive performances, a condition that we had no trouble in fulfilling, for the play caught on surprisingly well. Had I wished to abandon the repertory plan and give a merry little band of skeptics a chance to say, "I told you so," I might have continued "Major Barbara" for a much longer run.

James Bernard Fagan's "The Earth," which may be applied to journalism in America, quite as appropriately as to that in England, proved to be well worth doing. We closed the season with a genuine comedy success in Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." The fact that four out of the five plays produced are by established English writers, merely indicates that among the many manuscripts received there was a dearth of high comedy suitable to our purposes.

I have aimed to give my company a distinct standing with cultivated New Yorkers; to make the name a guarantee of a certain class of entertainment. It is not to be expected that everybody will enthuse over every play, or always approve our interpretation. But it is possible to give an organization a certain character of its own and people who know that character and like it will feel at home, even when we disagree on artistic questions. Mr. Brady and I have proved to our own satisfaction that there is a demand for an institution of the kind, and next year will bring a repetition of the same policy.

The stage needs the personal element best cultivated through a permanent company with high ideals. A season such as we have had engenders a spirit of friendliness and comprehension that aids materially in the transmission of ideas through players to the audience. I have come to feel that the people on the other side of the footlights have somewhat the same tastes and prejudices as I have, otherwise they would not be there. We are interested in the same things, consequently they understand. And how wonderful it is to be understood. That is one of the joys of a theatrical home and a clientèle.

---

A little girl who had broken her right wrist was greatly distressed about being obliged to discontinue her piano lessons. Her teacher suggested that she take up a course of left-hand work until her recovery. She was delighted, but, before consulting her mother, asked:

"Do you charge as much when you give lessons for one hand as for two?"—*Pacific Coast Musician.*

## The New Plays

(*Continued from page* 335)

by an individual; defeated, but rebellious to the last. Sir Herbert's Shylock is a notable contribution to the Shakespearean gallery. Its originality is profound, legitimate and highly expressive.

The general support is fair, nothing more. There is manly romance in Julian L'Estrange's Bassanio, and the two suitors, the Princes of Morocco and Arragon, as acted by Claude Beerbohm and George Hayes, have respectively fiery passion and the needed requirements of effeminate detail. Lyn Harding is hard and dry as Antonio, and the Portia of Elsie Ferguson demonstrates that that pretty and talented player has much to learn in the delivery of blank verse.

Harker's Venetian sets are in that skilled artist's best vein, while the Garden at Belmont, one of Livingston Platt's creations loaned by Margaret Anglin, is beautiful in its serene simplicity.

No Shakespearean enthusiast need be concerned over the acting edition. The text is there, nothing mangled for anyone's holiday. The transpositions are more than legitimate in that time is saved and continuity of interest never lost.

---

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "COME TO BOHEMIA." Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by George S. Chappell; music by Kenneth M. Murchison. Produced on April 27th last with the following cast:

Madeleine D'Orsay, Natalie Alt; Gaston D'Orsay, William Danforth; Andre Le Grand, Walter Percival; Mme. Zenobie D'Orsay, Clara Palmer; Jean Paul Marinarde, Denman Maley; Dustin Banks, Fritz Williams; Mimi Clarion, Olive Reeves-Smith; Baux, Donald MacMillan; Mazet, Joseph Harris; Margot, Muriel Hudson; Count De La Tour, Percy Woodley; Charvet, Gilbert Clayton; Pierre, Henry Watson; Louis, Paisley Noon; Francois, Richard Hall; Gendarme, Malcom Barrett; Guy, Max Scheck.

The social syndicate that backed the production of "Come to Bohemia" were sufficiently wise to know when to quit, and so Messrs. Chappell and Murchison's musical comedy which had a brief run at the Maxine Elliott's Theatre has been relegated to limbo. Neither book nor score was impossible. It was simply a case where the original was torn inside out and nothing better if as good substituted. It was a lavish production; rich, handsome and tasteful, while the company in names was strong and brilliant. Some of those who stood out were: Natalie Alt, William Danforth, Walter Percival, Clara Palmer, Denman Maley and Olive Reeves-Smith. The "pep" of the piece was contributed by two acrobatic dancers, Fred J. Nice and Ada May Weeks.

---

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Alma Gluck is heard in a charming old ballad, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," which is given in most attractive form with some real mocking-bird calls by that famous "Nature Singer," Charles Kellogg. Mme. Gluck also sings the charming "Musetta Waltz" from Boheme. Sophie Braslau renders the delightful old sentimental number, "Last Night," with much charm. Marcel Journet, the French basso presents the Russian national hymn. *Advt.*

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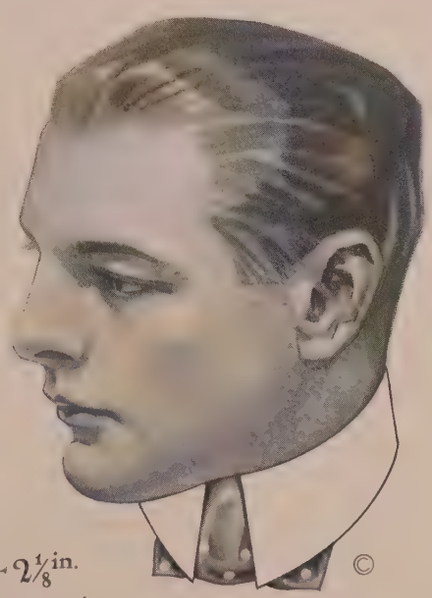

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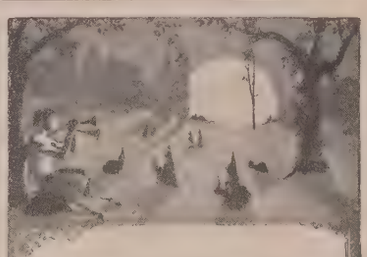

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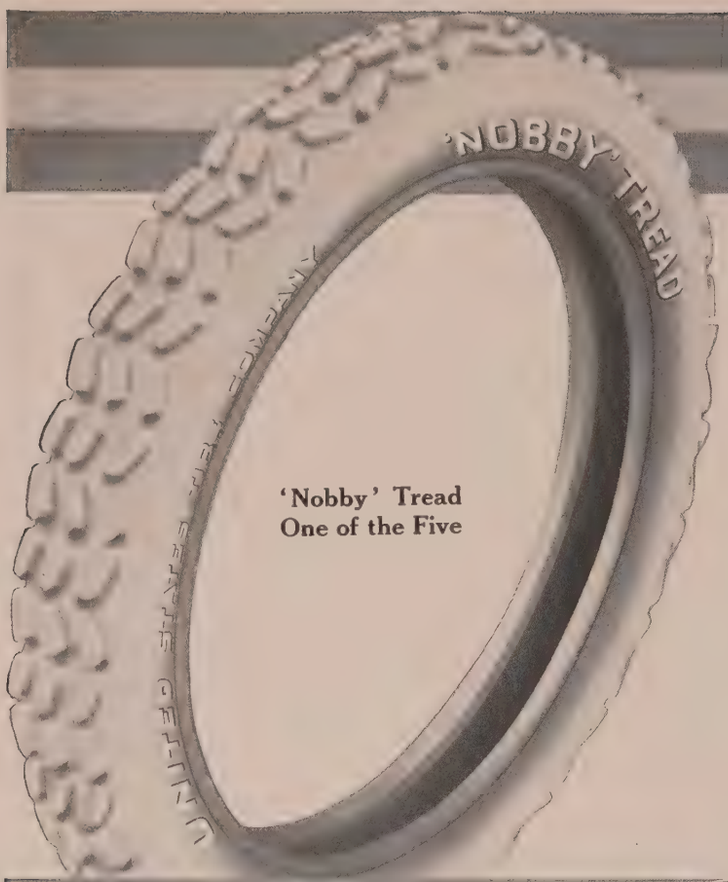


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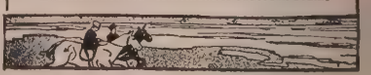

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The Strand Theatre in New York was opened to the public April 11th, 1914. After the first year of its existence the records showed that the Strand had been playing to an average of 12,000 people every 24 hours, making a total of 4,380,000, almost equalling the entire population of New York City who attended the Strand the first year.

Contrary to the almost general rule in the theatrical business the management of the Strand did not curtail expenses and present inferior entertainments after the house had become established as an American institution which almost every visitor to New York considered it his duty to see. On the contrary the Strand management has at all times been and is now striving to improve the program and give the public as much as possible for their money. No efforts or expense is spared. The orchestra has been enlarged from time to time, and to-day it has twice as many musicians as it had on the opening night. The same scheme has been carried out throughout the house, improvements have been made wherever there was a possible opportunity.

The Strand has many innovations regarding which the public knows nothing. There are semi-weekly emergency and courtesy drills during which the entire uniformed staff is instructed to meet any emergency conceivable in an efficient manner. These drills are performed under the direct supervision of Mr. R. Alfred Jones, the house manager.

When the Mark Strand Theatre Company built the Strand it was equipped with the most up-to-date appliances for the presentation of any kind of theatrical performance whatsoever, and nothing has been left lacking for the comfort, safety and pleasure of its patrons. It is ideally comfortable and every one of the 3,500 seats command a perfect view of the stage. The dimensions of the stage are the largest of any theatre built in New York in recent years, and the dressing rooms, which can accommodate 150 persons, are equipped with shower baths and other modern improvements.

The Strand Concert Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Carl Edouarde, is the largest theatre orchestra in the United States excepting, of course, institutions where grand opera is presented.

Dignity and courtesy are the slogans of the Strand. Every department is conducted on lines of dignity. Courtesy is everywhere apparent to the patron from the minute he buys his ticket till he leaves the theatre. The slogan of courtesy has been carried out by every member of the uniformed and executive staff to such an extent that it has caused a great amount of comment, and theatrical managers from all parts of the country have come to the Strand to see just how the theatre is conducted and learn the secret of its great success.

Of course it is essential to give a good performance if you want to be successful, but this is only one of the numerous essentials. An attractive lobby, a cheerful, restful and scrupulously clean house and a well-uniformed, good looking and courteous staff of attachés are just as essential. In these days of keen competition it is necessary to provide every means whereby the patrons feel welcome, comfortable and pleased in all respects. Politeness goes a long way in accomplishing this, and politeness does not cost anything.

The success of the Strand is not due to one man's efforts or his skill, but it is due to the great combination and "team work" of every employee of the theatre from the managing director to the porter. The policy of the house was laid down by the board of directors, Mitchel H. Mark, President; Moe Mark, Vice-President; Max Spiegel, Secretary; Eugene Falk, Treasurer, and Walter Hays, Silas Bunce, Jos. Levinson, David Basker. From this board emanate every order and it is up to the executives of each department to carry them out to the letter.

The executive staff of the Strand Theatre comprise: B. A. Rolfe, managing director; Murdock Pemberton, director of publicity; R. Alfred Jones, resident manager; Carl Edouarde, musical director, and Jacob M. Endel, treasurer.

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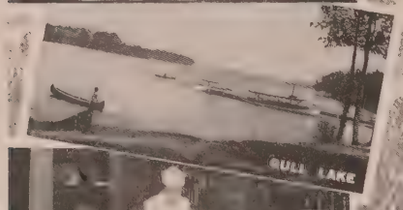

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## Queries Answered

*The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.*

O. H. L., Princeton, Wis.—Q.—Kindly publish the cast which supported William Gillette in Barrie's play "The Admirable Crichton" in New York about 1903 or 1904.

A.—The cast of "The Admirable Crichton" as presented November 17, 1903, at the Lyceum was: Earl of Loam—Henry Kemble; Hon. Ernest Woolley—Carter Pickford; Rev. John Treherne—Harold Heaton; Lord Brocklehurst—Soldene Powell; A Naval Officer—H. A. Morey; Mr. Crichton—William Gillette; Tompsett—Frederick Morris; Lady Mary Lasenby—Sybil Carlisle; Lady Catherine Lasenby—Beatrice Irwin; Lady Agatha Lasenby—Rosalind Coghlan; Countess of Brocklehurst—Kate Meek; Fisher—Sybil Campbell; Tweeny— Pattie Browne.

X. Y. Z., Reader.—Q.—In what issues were the casts of "The Follies of 1915," "The Blue Paradise," "Hands Up," and "The Girl Who Smiles?" 2. What is the price of each number? 3. In what issues did you publish scenes from "The Passing Show of 1915," "The Follies of 1915," "The Blue Paradise," "The Girl Who Smiles" and "Hands Up."

A.—The entire cast of "The Follies" was so long that only the principals were mentioned in our August, 1915, issue; the cast of "The Blue Paradise" is in the September, 1915, issue; only the principals of "Hands Up" in the September, 1915, issue; and "The Girl Who Smiles" is also in our September number. 2. 35 cents per copy. 3. In the July, 1915, issue we printed several of the characters in "The Passing Show of 1915" and in the August, 1915, number a group of chorus girls from the same play; scenes from the "Ziegfeld Follies" appeared in the August, 1915, issue and stage settings of the play were in the September, 1915, number; "The Blue Paradise" scene you will find in the September, 1915, number; a full-page of "The Girl Who Smiles" in the October number; a scene in "Hands Up" in the September, and a full page of pictures showing Florence Walton in the gowns she wore in the last named play in the July issue.

L. P. M., New York.—Q.—Can you tell me where Kenneth Hill is playing? He has been seen in "Within the Law" and "It Pays to Advertise."

A.—Kenneth Hill is playing Phil'ip Evans in "Fair and Warmer" at the Eltinge Theatre.

C. I. R.,—Q.—Is it possible for you to add to your Autograph Gallery a picture of Grace Ell'ston? 2. Have Louise Woods and Pamela Gaythorne left the stage?

A.—Yes, we possibly may in the future. 2. No, they are still acting.

F. E., Cincinnati, O.—Q.—Will you kindly publish an account of Gaby Deslys? 2. How many times has she appeared in th's country? Will she appear in any other photoplay besides "Her Triumph" for the Famous Players Film Company? 3. Will you please give a short biography of the career of Charlotte Walker?"

A.—In an interview published in the November, 1911, issue of THE THEATRE Gaby Deslys said: "My mother is a home woman. My father is a dry goods merchant of Marseilles. I was born in Marseilles and went to school at the Convent of St. Marie until I was sixteen. I wanted to go on the stage and my father would not permit it. So at sixteen I ran away. I went to Paris and got an engagement at one of the variety theatres at ten dollars a week. Later I played in London and Berlin. Each time I returned to Paris I played in a more exclusive theatre." 2. Three. 3. Charlotte Walker was born in Galveston, Texas. She made her first appearance on the stage in 1893; in 1895 appeared in Richard Mansfield's company; made her début in London in 1896 in "The Mummy." She was absent from the stage for several years, but reappeared in 1900 in "Miss Printt;" in 1901, was seen with James A. Herne in "Sag Harbor;" and with James K. Hackett in "Don Caesar's Return," with whom she remained for four seasons. Among the plays she has appeared in are "Mrs. Dane's Defence," "Sowing the Wind," "Betsy," "The Embassy Ball," "The Prince Chap," "On Parole," The Warrens of Virginia," "The Wolf," "Just a Wife," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "The Two Virtues." She has also been seen in film plays.

B. S., Washington, D. C.—Q.—Can you not publish some photos of Julia Marlowe in her home, before she leaves this country? 2. Have you published any photos of Miss Marlowe on the cover? 3. Will you publish a full-page photo of Miss Marlowe, autographed?

A.—We possibly may. 2. On our March, 1909, cover is a picture of Miss Marlowe in "The Goddess of Reason" and on our April, 1905, cover there is a colored portrait of Miss Marlowe as Juliet. 3. We may, although we have printed numerous full-pages of her in Shakespearean rôles and with E. H. Sothern in scenes from plays.

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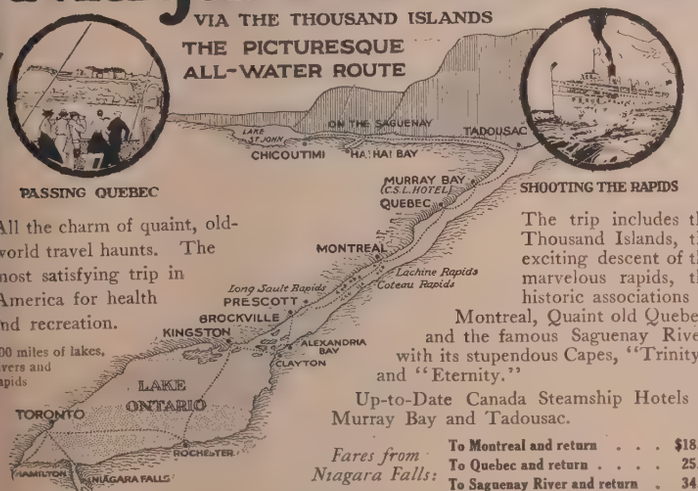


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## New Books

THE TRAGEDY OF NAN, AND OTHER PLAYS. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Co.: New York. This little volume contains "The Tragedy of Nan," in three acts; "The Campden Wonder," in one act and three scenes; and "Mrs. Harrison," in one short act. Masefield has two qualities that distinguish him personally and place him among the new dramatists in England who have essayed a new movement. This new movement is characterized not by complete insubordination as to customary dramatic form but by a poetic handling of the material. The method is put to a severe test in "The Tragedy of Nan." For the most part the little play is highly realistic, dealing with the peasant class of a hundred years ago, but in the ending of the play there is a use of symbolism almost amounting to poetic extravagance. Much of the speech is in dialect. Nan is an orphan, living with an uncle and aunt. It was not generally known that her father had been hanged for sheep stealing. Her country lover turns from her when he hears this and is to marry the daughter of her uncle who has taken her in. It is lightly touched upon that she has given herself to this lover. An official, escorted, arrives with the information that it has been discovered that her father was guiltless, and he brings with him what amount to a dowry for her by way of compensation. Her lover would return to her. She scorns him and kills him, and goes out to meet the rising tide in which to find death. There is great power in this little play, and it is all very characteristic of Masefield. The two other little plays concern a murder in country low life. There is great power of characterization in them, but except for the Masefield that is in them they have no particular value.

GOOD FRIDAY AND OTHER POEMS. By John Masefield. Macmillan: New York. The short drama of the Crucifixion is written with poetic reverence. It is simply a poetic drama without marked fitness for the stage and perhaps not designed for it. The "other poems" are sonnets with the theme of beauty or the secret held by nature, that which can be found by him who seeks it.

PLAYS OF THE NATURAL AND THE SUPERNATURAL. By Theodore Dreiser. John Lane: New York. There are seven short plays in the volume, of which two may be described as natural. The author is a man of force. He has a firm grip of everything he has in hand, down to the last detail. When he treats of purely human things he compels admiration. "The Girl in the Coffin" is the secret victim of a labor leader who comes to the home, where in the scene the coffin is always in full view, to have the father go to a meeting which can be controlled by the local leader. The father would kill the betrayer if he knew him. The audience only knows the truth. The last little play is "Old Ragpicker." It concerns a halfwitted creature whose failure in life has driven him mad. The other plays are not supernatural, but unnatural, mixed with science and mysticism, artificial and superficial. They are interesting or at least curious in that the method of the moving picture play is applied. It would be impossible to act them on the stage proper. A bit of a scene or a voice, detached and in widely separated places, are mingled with other scenes the quickness of which only the imagination or the facilities of the camera are capable. Wraiths of the murdered walk through walls, the spirits of the dead and all sorts of mysterious forces participate in human affairs. It is curious, but for the most part it is piffle—piffle, however, of a very capable mind.


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# Footlight Fashions

By MLLE. MANHATTAN

*Miss Barbara Rutherford, daughter of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, sketched for* The Theatre Magazine *in a nattier dress which is part of her trousseau.*

Photo White

*Miss Natalie Alt, her fur trimmed evening wrap is a popular summer model. Posed for* The Theatre Magazine.

OF all the smart trousseaux which are displayed, either in the finished glory of the complete wedding outfit, or in the half-ready confusion of the "first fitting" period, each must contain at least one filmy confection trimmed with fur, and as many feather-decked garments as the bride's fancy dictates. The middle name of Fashion this summer is spelled with a "C." You may call it Contrast, Contradiction or Chic; but it is bound to be one or the other. Velvet mixed with tulle, chiffon trimmed with fur, tulle adorned with flowers and feathers appear in a wild saturnalia of smartness in the newest frocks, and the outlook for the Summer girl of 1916 is not toward a shimmering simplicity, but to an overtrimmed suhptuousness really more fitting for her mother.

However, as the American damsel has a way of upsetting the edicts of fashion and choosing from fields of fancy all her own when the modes of the moment fail to charm her, it is quite possible that the gorgeous effects which all the creators of styles are predicting as the *plus que chic* for August may be reversed before mid-June. But, of course, as smart women are already far advanced in the campaign for summer finery, a glance at some of the newest frocks of the moment will prove a guidance in the selection of things certain to be in the mode for later wear.

Notwithstanding the illness of her mother, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and equally in spite of the fact that her engagement to Cyril Hatch has been stoutly denied by both families concerned, it is quite likely that Miss Barbara Rutherford will become Mrs. Hatch before this issue of The Theatre Magazine is printed. I meet Miss Rutherford feverishly "doing" the most exclusive shops from day to day, and while she tells me she has cabled to Paris for a number of Summer dresses, she also confesses with the girlish, humorous shrug that is one of her most fascinating mannerisms that she expects to receive nothing from the *rue de la Paix* more charming than the creations she has collected here.

The serious indisposition of Mrs. Vanderbilt to which I referred a moment ago, has obliged Miss Rutherford to shop "on her own." more than most prospective brides may do, but she has shown a fine and discriminating judgment in the frocks she has chosen for her Summer outfit, be that wardrobe a trousseau or no.

One dazzling gown which finds a place in Miss Rutherford's répertoire of dancing frocks, owes its inspiration to a stunning costume worn by one of the French beauties of other days, when she sat for her portrait—or rather stood for it—to Nattier. You may remember the lovely court lady, in the Duc de Morny's collection.

The dress is pale flesh-colored chiffon made with plain round fulness over a foundation of bright silver tissue. Sharply vandyked quillings of Nattier blue satin band the skirt at the hem and around the hips and zig-zag garlands of roses and corn flowers sparkling with diamond dew drops are placed above and between the quillings. I am sure you have never seen a velvet fan, so look closely at Miss Rutherford's. It is of Nattier blue sprinkled with tiny diamond paillettes, and the slender old ivory sticks are picked out with the same glittering spangles.

At the wedding of Irene Lang-

Photo Sarony

*Alberta Turner posed for* THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. *Her shaved off hat has been widely adopted for garden fêtes and the bridle path.*

horne Gibson, daughter of the famous illustrator and niece of Mrs. Waldorf Astor, the smartest girls in New York swarmed to St. Thomas Church wearing their newest frocks to do honor to the Charles Dana Gibson's daughter. The use of gold and silver tissue in day-time frocks for young girls was a surprising feature of the wedding, which was one of the big crushes in the history of St. Thomas' Church. Over a thousand guests were present, all dressed—the men like King Solomon in his glory, and the women like the lilies of the field out shining them.

Since the daily papers chronicled the event so fully, I will only describe the frock worn by Mrs. Vincent Astor which was in some respects the most charming gown I saw. And a gown must needs be charming, to win distinct description amid so many smart toilettes. Mrs. Astor chose the softest peach-colored malines for her dress, and it was arranged *en crinoline* over a petticoat of silver tissue dotted with large black velvet discs. Big silver roses, that showed pink in the sunlight wreathed the hips and appeared amid touches of black and green velvet on the bodice. A hat of peach-colored malines with one black velvet rose and one rose of the pinky silver showed the new poke shape at its best and most becoming.

Lady Colebrook, who visited New York some winters ago is here again as the guest of Mrs. Benjamin Guinness of Washington Square. I fancy Lady Mary and Lady Biddy (for Mrs. Guinness was Lady Bridget Buckley you know before her marriage) must be quite lame in both arms for they have been sewing for the wounded soldiers with one hand and making Red Cross kits with the other for six solid weeks, and promise to keep it up through the Newport season. Lady Colebrook is wildly enamored of our American blouses, and has bought several of the smartest possible cut and fabric, in which she works for the British War Relief Association.

At the rooms of that organization I spied her a day or so ago wearing a very simple but quite new effect in blouses. It was of the sheerest white organdie—as thin and silky as gauze, and it was lined with green chiffon of that soft grayish tint seen in olive leaves and pussy willow blossoms. The gray-green lining fell over the shoulders and formed a deep rounded collar that almost covers the entire back. The collar was finished with two flat rows of narrow black thread lace and the front ends were gathered into tabs that ended in black silk tassels at the waist line. The same effect was continued on the sleeves, the green lining being turned back in deep cuffs. Any clever girl can easily accomplish a blouse like this, and bless herself with the happy consciousness that she possesses a garment of the latest chic.

"Come to Bohemia," a musical comedy by two smart young architects and men-about-town, has been on view at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. While the piece is an ephemeral trifle, scarcely likely to achieve a month of life, it has drawn the smartest audiences in town. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, recently returned from the South and looking younger

*Miss Lily Cahill in a Garden Party dress, posed especially for* THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Photo White

than ever, wearing a delicious evening wrap of silver tissue with lengths of black chantilly lace caught around the shoulders by a wreath of pink velvet roses, was a tremendously admired figure at the play one night last week, and at the same performance I spied the Duchess de Chaulnes and her sister, Miss Shonts, putting their heads together between the acts and discussing the very nice cloak worn by Natalie Alt. Miss Alt's wrap is of softest white soirée with collar and wide border of white fox—a fur that seems destined to be even more fashionable as a summer fad this year than ever before. Already some of the smart girls in the Newport set have ordered similar cloaks, and one quite exquisite variation created by Tappe is of silver tissue lined with absinthe satin and bordered with a flounce of ermine. Marabout flounces colored in all the shades of a stormy sunset are shown by some of the smart modistes as trimmings for summer wraps of this extravagant genre.

While the velvet parasol is not quite a novelty, it is shown in some of the new trousseaux in a new shape that gives it new chic. A parasol of black velvet shown at a leading jewelry house (a mere modiste or milliner would scarcely have nerve to display it) has a band of pink satin roses set about four inches from the top. At the end of the ribs is placed a straight band of white chiffon, showing the rosy lining through its folds, and falling like a ruffle without fulness. The chiffon drop is four inches deep and is finished with a border of small roses with black stems. A round black velvet bag, mounted in green gold and lined with pink shows a circling wreath of roses like those on the parasol on either side.

Mrs. Perry Belmont who has a sharp eye for novelties and who selects wedding gifts with inspired taste, was looking at this marvel in parasols when I saw it, and heard without a quiver the price which with the bag was one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

At the very pretty wedding of Miss Ruth Cutting and Reginald Auchincloss at St. George's Church a few days ago, quite every girl in the Long Island and Newport sets was present in her most springlike attire. Miss Laura Chanler, a cousin of Vincent Astor and who will herself be one of the early summer brides, was present with Mrs. E. H. Harriman and Mrs. Stanford White who is the mother of her fiancé. Miss Chanler wore a dress of engaging simplicity. It was of corn flower blue chiffon, banded with soirée of the same shade. A delicious Jenny Cloak of sulphur chiffon lined with silver tissue and having a bishop's collar of the silver bordered with sulphur-tinted ostrich trimming caused gasps of admiration as Miss Chanler alighted from the Harriman car and accompanied her hostess into the church. Mrs. Harriman who wears more youthful frocks each year, surpassed herself with an exquisite gown of black and white chantilly lace, the skirt being draped to form pointed panniers which were caught with wreaths of gray and pink roses, and an exquisite picture hat of silver and rose finished Mrs. Harriman's costume.

*Olive Thomas in a dress she will wear next month in the new "Ziegfeld Follies." Posed for* THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Photo Rochlitz

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# PALM BEACH

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# Clothes Seen On The Stage

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IF you were an actress with a salary of four thousand real dollars every week, wouldn't you wear gowns like those of the Queen of Sheba, or her latest prototype, Florence Walton?

Of course you would, and so would Mary Pickford, who really gets that unbelievable salary, only—but let the little Queen of the Movies tell her own story: "Sometimes," said our Mary, with a smile that disclosed a very big dimple, "Sometimes when I read my contract, and think about my pleasant home and my capital chum I think I am the luckiest girl on earth, and life looks like one long Thanksgiving day, with plump young turkeys browning pleasantly in the oven and mince pies cooling on the pantry shelf. Then along comes Mr. Frohman and hands me a part, and the sky grows gray and a chill wind springs up in my soul. Because, of course, I have to play another of those ragged little girls, or tattered boys, instead of doing a Pauline Frederick part in gorgeous gowns all plastered over with jewels."

It is too bad that Miss Pickford's voice is lost to the speaking stage; it is one of the most wonderful voices I have ever heard. It registers comedy in rippling syllables fuller of mirth and youth than any voice I can recall; it trembles with sympathy when Miss Pickford is sorry for herself and you feel that you could squeeze tears out of it when she deplores her tragic and ragged fate. It quivered with regret as she went on: 'It is too disgusting to have to be a waif of a newsboy when Thurn has just sent home a new frock that would delight every one of the millions of women who see a Famous Player film every day. Why is heaven so kind to Valeska Surrat and Mary Nash and Jane Cowl, who always have parts that wear stunning clothes while Fate casts me for rags and rags and rags? It doesn't seem fair!"

"But the public likes you best in pathetic little raggedy rôles," interposed Miss Pickford's chum, soothingly.

"Of course, that helps some," admitted the actress, rather ruefully.

"But you can afford to wear lovely frocks off the screen," I said with dazzling recollections of certain splendors in which I had seen Miss Pickford arrayed at theatre and opera. Unbounded mirth greeted my remark. Miss Pickford smoothed out her ragged sleeve and laughed until tears ran down her cheeks.

"I *had* some pretty frocks, a whole lot of them," she said, "but then came the big call for clothing for the Belgian sufferers—and pouf!—they all went. No, I didn't send my evening gowns to Belgium, really, I am afraid there aren't any parties or theatres there, where they would be the correct thing to wear, but I sold and raffled and chanced them all off and sent the money to the Belgian relief."

This was quite disappointing because I wanted to sketch Miss Pickford in her prettiest frocks and here she was without a single Bendel creation left! It was too discouraging.

"But then I ran straight to Julie and Tappé and Thurn and bought some sweet new things for the summer, and please let me show them to you," she said.

Miss Pickford was right. They were "sweet new things for the summer," and I am glad to sketch them for you in all their radiant June freshness.

First is a lovely wild rose frock that might have been designed by Watteau which Miss Pickford will wear to the

*Miss Pickford in one of her "raggedy" gowns.*

*Mary Pickford in her newest evening frock. A wild-rose Pompadour effect that Watteau might have designed.*

*Miss Pickford's "picture dress." Forget-me-not blue taffeta with touches of coral and silver.*

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New York, May 1, 1916

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Dear Sirs:

I gratefully recommend your Corsets as they are so comfortable.

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Florence Nash

Miss Florence Nash

# Le Sport

AS Abe Martin might say: "Who remembers th' old-fashioned sports costume?" The answer would be well within the memory of even the youngest débutante for it is hardly more than three or four years since a sports costume consisted for most people in the easy attainability of tailored shirtwaists and skirts. One aimed at the severely efficient and if one happened to hit on becomingness or picturesqueness besides it was good luck rather than foresighted management. How we have changed *tout cela!*

Not only are sport clothes to-day much more adapted to their needs than ever before but there is absolutely no excuse for anyone not to look irresistible in them. Which carries out Victor Hugo's contention that "nothing is more useful than the useful except the beautiful."

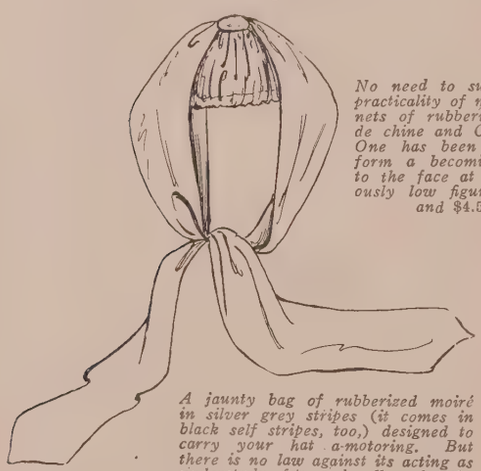
America really leads in this field. French sport clothes are still a bit too dressy as a whole, too self-conscious, and English ones a bit too severe and mannish. America, just sufficiently modified by the influence of the silk-sweater importation, has struck the golden mean. And what lovely and original things she is turning out every month!

Turning them out and into two stores especially, both noted for their sporting clothes, one being perhaps a little more inclusive in its wares, going in for the frills, into the by-ways and hedges, so to speak, of "le sport," and the latter tending strictly to business. One of these it might amuse you to know is one store in New York where you see the American husband going shopping with his wife willingly and cheerfully. I counted eight husbands (eight!) on the floor of the woman's department during the hour I spent there. I suppose He feels it's all part of his particular province and so quite at home.

Mohair is being enthusiastically revived this spring for general wear and you don't have to think twice to see its peculiar qualifications for the sport of motoring. One of these two shops is making a feature of mohair motor coats, making a feature of making them smart, that is, as the sketch of the one shown here bears witness. For all around exercise, tennis, golf, walking, the Jersey cloth skirt and coat suits in soft colors are new and extremely becoming. One wears them with a washable Jersey silk blouse in stripes of differing colors, a blouse, by the way, that would be just the thing, as well, to wear on a motor trip. Separate skirts in striped silk poplin, in cotton gabardines, in Jersey cloths of pale mustard shades—particular gems the latter—all manifest the genius of their originators at this smartest of stores.

*Mohair's the thing this Spring and immensely practical, of course, for a motor coat. A smart shop turns out this extremely smart copy of an import in navy blue mohair, the cape—you must have a cape—and cuffs plaided in white stitching.*

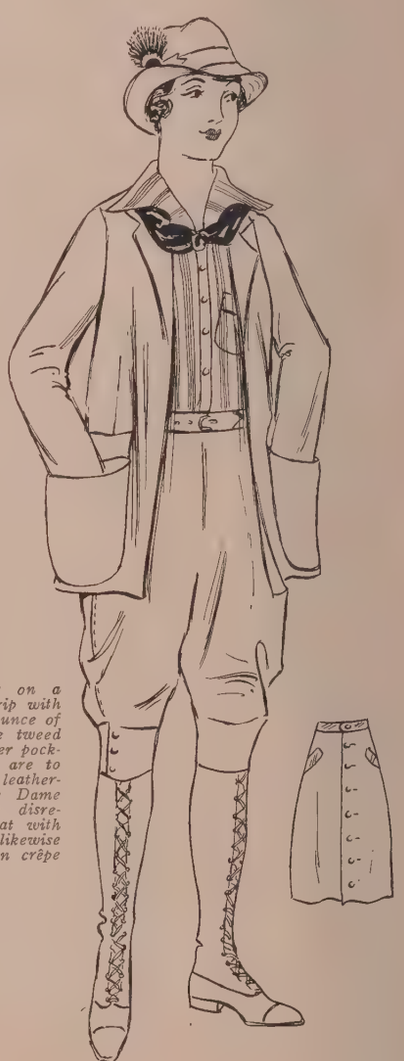
*A tennis coat of striped black and white khaki-kool, a material which resembles the heavy crêpy materials of the East. White faille makes collars and cuffs.*



*No need to suggest the practicality of motor bonnets of rubberized crêpe de chine and China silk. One has been made to form a becoming frame to the face at a ridiculously low figure.* $5.00 *and* $4.50.

*A jaunty bag of rubberized moiré in silver grey stripes (it comes in black self stripes, too,) designed to carry your hat a-motoring. But there is no law against its acting as understudy for a handbag in the matter of small toilet articles. Price* $3.00.

*A costume to wear on a motor or mountain trip with Father, when every ounce of luggage counts. The tweed jacket has large leather pockets and the knickers are to be worn without the leather-trimmed skirt where Dame Convention may be disregarded. A tweed hat with scarlet fantaisie is likewise provided and a cotton crêpe waist.*



*A Jersey silk waist in stripes of white and various colors for tennis and golf. Tubbable naturally! The little turned-up flap on the cuff unbuttons to make a straight piece for ironing. Price* $7.50.

*Cotton gabardine which washes and keeps its shape so well makes the best possible kind of a skirt for tennis and golf. Of beautiful quality, beautifully cut and finished, the above, from a well-known sports shop, for only* $5.75!

Among emotional actresses, Helen Ware stands foremost. Her success in the "The Price," "Paid in Full," "The Third Degree," "The Road to Yesterday," is a matter of stage record. And now it is whispered that she may be seen in a light comedy role during the coming season. Miss Ware is shown in a Sport hat designed by Knox who have recently opened a Sport Shop for women in addition to their regular millinery business.

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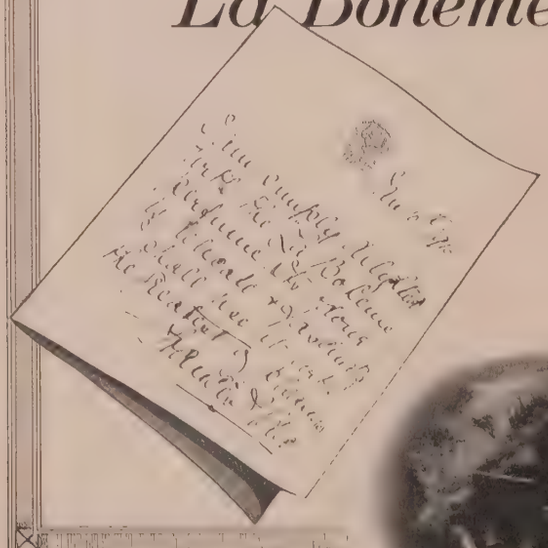

Photo Mishkin

*La Bohême, Arly's Masterpiece, can be obtained at the best stores for* $4.00.

*Vivaudou (Dept. U, Times Bldg., N. Y.) will send a generous sample for twenty-five cents.*

## *Clothes Seen On The Stage*—(*Continued*)

*Miss Pickford's "Cinderella" cloak. A gorgeous creation of pink soirée with fur garniture for midsummer evenings.*

first June dance at a near-by country club. It is of the rosiest pink soirée with a pannier tunic of the same shade brocaded in little nosegays of wild roses. A fall of filet lace with a rose design outlined in embroidery finishes the skirt and is bordered at both edges with quillings of bright silver tissue. Bretelles of the lace over silver tissue and a simple girdle of silver tissue finish the little bodice of plain and brocaded soirée, and the quaint sleeves have a tiny fall of lace under a quilling similar to that on the skirt. It is a girlish gown, but immensely effective, and I was not surprised to hear that several June brides have vainly importuned Julie to copy it for their trousseaux.

Simpler, but quite as attractive is a gown of blue taffeta in the new forget-me-not shade. This frock, with a full round skirt, quite plain, is copied from a portrait of one of the beautiful young girls of the Italian court recently sent to this country for safety—the portrait, of course, not the beautiful girl. The low round bodice is finished at the shoulders by a double puff, heading a fall of the hand-made Italian lace made in the school founded by Queen Margherita for preserving the old Roman industry of pillow lace. Tiny pipings of coral velvet divide the puffs, and a similar band heads a narrow ruche of the lace at the foot of the skirt. Two soft sashes of coral velvet are placed midway on the skirt at each side, giving added width to the full skirt effect. Tiny nosegays of forget-me-nots and silver olive leaves are set at intervals around the shoulder and a twisted garland of the same small blossoms and leaves forms the girdle. A simple strand of coral beads is the sole ornament chosen by the painter for the lovely girl whose frock is so cleverly copied by Miss Pickford's modiste, and so Miss Pickford wears a similar necklace.

Any description of Miss Pickford's frocks would be incomplete without a reference to her favorite garment —an evening wrap—which is a delirious affair of pink soirée with a changeable effect of silver and a deeper rose. The lovely wrap takes the softest possible outlines from the pliant richness of the material, and is lined throughout with silver chiffon. Since it is absolutely necessary that at least one of a débutante's summer wraps must have a finishing touch of fur, Miss Pickford has chosen a soft brown "goya" for the big collar which is finished at the back by a large silver tassel. Similar fur forms a wide band at the bottom of the cap-like cloak, and finishes the little slits which serve for sleeves.

"I feel like Cinderella going to her party, when I clamber into this wrap," said Miss Pickford, rubbing her cheek against the soft fur, "and truly I am always nervous when the clock strikes twelve, for fear it will fall off, and I will find myself wearing an old ragged homespun thing and waiting for my turn to pose for the film."

"Mary calls that cloak her Cinderella wrap," said her chum smiling at the little star, who was pirouetting before a mirror in obvious enjoyment of her gorgeousness, while I tried, under difficulties to sketch the detail of the garment.

I forgot two things. One is to tell you that Miss Pickford's "chum" is her very pretty young mother, and the other is that with the lovely Cinderella wrap she wears the slimmest possible slippers of silver cloth with crystal ornaments on the instep. She also wears her hair à la Cinderella in the familiar wavy ringlets with which her portraits have made us acquainted.

"It is quite tragic," Miss Pickford said, as she showed a number of exquisitely simple and girlish summer frocks for the street, that I have so little time by daylight, that I am able only to have my evening gowns made according to my own ideas. For my street things I am obliged to rush into any of the smart shops and try on sixteen-year-old sizes until I find something that suits me."

Among Miss Pickford's "sixteen year frocks" are several charming tailor and sports costumes. One of particular chic is a very narrow striped Palm Beach cloth in two shades of beige. The girlish little coat is quite full in the back, but flat at the sides and caught up with flat old ivory buttons to the waist line showing the lining of soft beige satin. The full skirt ripples conventionally around the ankles over pumps with the new flat heels. The pumps are of suède exactly the color of the dress and have for a novel and welcome change small flat buckles of old ivory—the dernier cri in foot fashion.

A touch of novelty appears in a smart little blue whipcord tailor-made which occupies a pet place in Miss Pickford's wardrobe. It is the employment of soutache as a gilet, laid in flat rows, and as a belt. The silken braid trims the foot of the skirt in straight lines and finishes the sleeves and big patch pockets on the coat and petticoat. Demure and smart is this costume.

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Sports suit of gold jersey banded in natural color marabou —and a suit of rose Tussore with coin dotted skirt

# Knox Casts Four "Votes For Women"

*This nile green ripple cloth coat liked silver buckles so well for a belt fastening it used two of 'em, and then repeated the performance on the collar and cuff straps. An odd yoke extends clear down to the waist line on the sides and forms convenient tabs through which the belt is run.* $55.00.

*A green hemp hat—started out to be a simple mushroom shape, but got wound up with some white wool and a white and black grosgrain ribbon.* $18.00.

*Although Knox has made his debut some time ago as the creator of most charming feminine hats,—gowns and wraps are his new departure*

EVERYBODY said "Ah!" when a certain Broadway Star—an exceedingly quaint young person—stepped right into the second act, muffled to her eyes in the spiffiest sport coat seen this season. A dull apricot velour de laine, it was, with "Oh, so wide" cuffs and huge copper buttons.

"KNOX" said the label, so to Knox I went, for surely so unusual a model must have many equally fascinating sisters.

The new Knox salons convey an atmosphere distinctly Parisian. By skilfully arranged partitioning, a most pleasing effect is gained.

*A neat little lattice of Brownish green, checks the whiteness of this most unusual sports coat. The very full back and sleeves are cut in one piece. Please notice the wee pocket in the left wide cuff.* $45.00.

*Knox reached the height of smartness in this red split straw hat.* $10.00.

*"Bold as brass" is the color of this duvetyn sports suit, save for the cream colored patches on the collar, cuffs, and pockets. Pearl and amber buttons would prove themselves useful as well as ornamental should the way be chilly and one decide to wear the collar muffler fashion. (second from the left)* $45.00.

*A Bancock sailor in a dull amethyst tone. The new crown is slightly raised in the back. A knitted white material and brilliant blue silk stripes binds the brim, bands the crown, and ties itself into a smart little bow to the left. Worn with the suit described above.* $12.00.

*Brilliantine is coming back, after taking the rest cure for many years, along with the prevailing popularity for mohair. And why not Brilliantine for a sports or travel suit—it is dust resisting, practically uncrushable, light and cool. This Norfolk Model is beautifully tailored and Oxford grey in color.* $45.00.

*You couldn't call the hat worn with the Norfolk suit a green hat because the rose-colored facing, ribbon toped crown and rosy painted stripes would feel slighted; but then if you said it was a rose-colored hat, the stripes which are green and the green tassel would feel hurt—so we'll call it a grey hemp hat because grey is the color of the rest of it.* $17.00.

# The Charm of Model Gowns

## —The Prices You Can Easily Afford

JUST the sort of frock you've dreamed of—a gown that possesses those chic Parisienne touches which mean so much to well-dressed women, noted for their individuality and smartness in dress.

You'll find that very garment among the Maxon Model Gowns. All our gowns are the offerings of the leading Parisian and American modistes. They were shown once on dress forms to illustrate the latest or advance Parisian modes and are not worn or even shop worn. The gown is new to you.

*You can buy two frocks, either for street, afternoon, or evening wear, for the same price usually considered elsewhere a fair price for one alone. And all are originals —no two alike.*

If you can wear model sizes, visit our modest shop before you decide on your next gown or wrap—compare prices, styles, and values. Like many of the best-dressed women in New York, you'll not only save money, *but actually dress more distingue and win the admiration of your friends or neighbors.*

**Prices Range $20 and up**

**Two Gowns for the Usual Price of One**

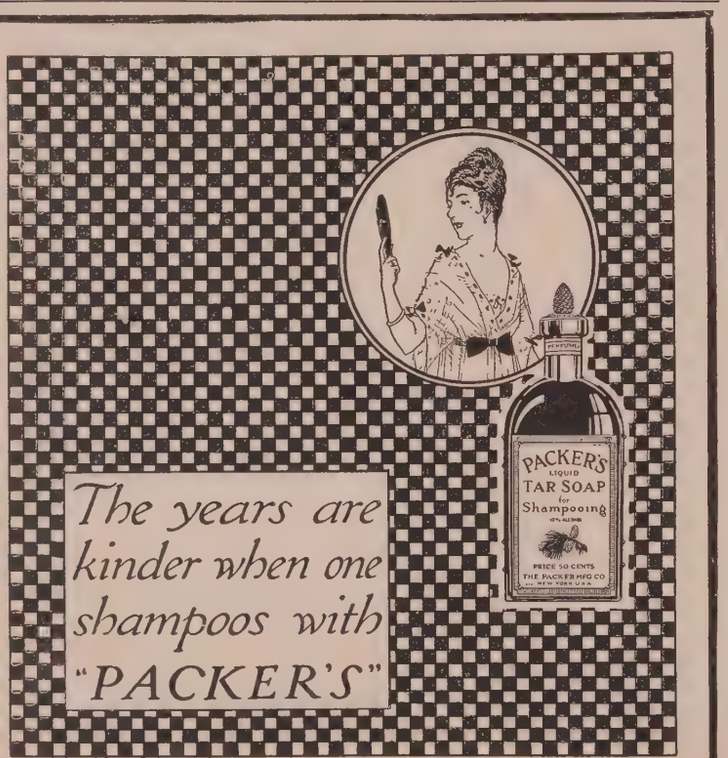
*Call and see these gowns for yourself—even try them on. You are never urged to buy. A visit will pleasantly surprise you.*

ESTAB. 1899

**MAXON-MODEL GOWNS**

**1587 BROADWAY AT 48TH ST., NEW YORK**






*The years are kinder when one shampoos with "PACKER'S"*

**TREO ELASTIC GIRDLE**

PATENTED

*is the most popular*

**CORSET**

**for Stylish Women**

Because it is the best suited to the prevailing fashions, and lends grace with absolute comfort at all times. Whether for street wear, dancing, evening wear or the links, its peculiar construction and material make it equally desirable. Made entirely of porous woven surgical elastic which "gives" freely to every movement of the body, yet firmly holds the figure. Boned only at back and front, it affords ample support without uncomfortable pressure. If your local dealer cannot supply you, write for free booklet and do not accept a substitute. Six to sixteen inches long. Price $1.00 to $8.00.

**TREO CO., Inc.**

**160-K Fifth Ave., New York City**

**EISMAN & CO., Toronto, Can., Licensee**

**How Actresses Remove Hair From the Underarms**

Many are enthusiastic in their use of the sanitary liquid, El Rado. It is the only preparation ever endorsed by *Julian Eltinge*, foremost impersonator of beautiful women; also *Stella Mayhew*, *Roszicka Dolly*, and others.

Whether on face, lip, neck, or arms, El Rado removes the hair so quickly it is no more trouble than washing. Easily applied with piece of absorbent cotton, or small sponge. Does not coarsen later hair growth, as is the case with shaving. Absolutely harmless; no disagreeable odor; money-back guarantee.

At all toilet counters, **50c. and $1.00.**

We will fill your order by mail direct if you send stamps or coin

Pilgrim Mfg. Co., 44 East 28th Street, New York


# *Playing The Shop Of--- "Model Gowns"*

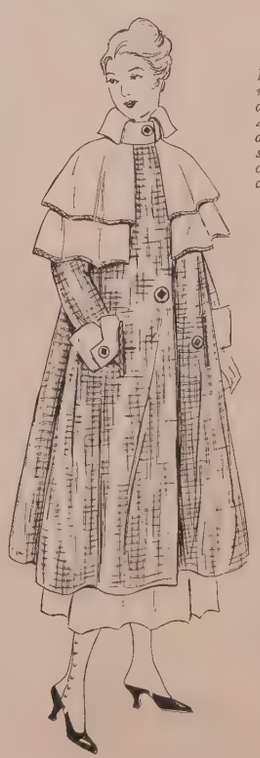
*Nothing is quite so dainty and cool for hot days as white net. Tuckings, a graceful sleeve and a pink satin belt and pink ribbon to show through on the bodice make this one what the college youths would term "a peach."*

*A model of net embroidered in airy wreaths of blue and green floss and caped, guantletted and hemmed with blue organdie. Such finishing details as double hemstitchings, five tiny pink bows heading ten crystal drops and an underskirt triply ruffled proves its true Paris origin.*

WHATEVER bookings each season may hold for the actress there is one engagement—a return engagement—that she feels she must always make. And that is an engagement with the Shop of Model Gowns—we will tell you the name of it if you will drop us a postal—to select models for her new parts and for her own personal wear. She knows that nowhere else can she do herself quite so well in Paris models for quite the same money and be certain at the same time—as every design is exclusive—that she is not going to meet a duplicate of herself outside.

This year she is especially keen to "play" The Model Gown Shop, since the business, growing too large for its old quarters, has moved to new ones on Broadway, and the "models" are more alluring than ever.

*A postal card request will bring you the name of this shop.*



*Maxon has some lovely models of the new for-all-around-wear silk coats. A dust-shedding black and white checked silk is smartened with a lining of deep rose Jersey cloth and postilion capes of the same.*

*Too good to be passed up is a little shopping, traveling, restaurant dress, winged at another smart shop, in navy or black taffeta hand embroidered in dull finished beads in either self or contrasting colors.*

# One Makes Blouses and the Other Veils the Deed

*A dainty morning-glory vine winds a flowery path around the border of "Caprice," a veil with rounded corners, which falls in graceful folds.*

IT takes all sorts of blouses to make a mode; some are fluffy and frivolous, others tailored and more practical, but a few of both are needed to carry one through the summer.

The tailored variety shown on this page are sponsored by a house long known for turning out the kind of haberdashery well groomed men like.

No wonder then, that their latest innovation of the Sports Shirt would be so well made, good looking and smart. Both the waists we have sketched have "Student" collars, an exclusive design with this firm. They are also displaying a new type of summer frock which they call "The Shirt Waist Dress." A Sports Shirt of a pretty imported Japanese Momy silk is matched by a separate skirt. Either can, of course, be laundered separately.

One retires with an air of mystery behind the inscrutable charms of the season's newest veilings. The ones we are showing are Stageland favorites. They are to be worn with large hats and can be had in all of the new shades. "Van-Tan" an original color created by Van Raalte is the choice of many of our friends of the footlights.

*Lucky she must be who wears a "Sport" veil with a Clover Leaf the motif of its border design. An ideal veil for motoring and all smart sporting occasions.*

*The Tuxedo Shirt is made of a fine quality men's wear silk with silk buttonholes. A "dickey" of self-striped material is its sole claim to ornamention of any kind. Priced at $16.50.*

*A smart dimity waist of the practical type so necessary to every wardrobe has the newest "Student" collar. It is priced at $5.75.*

*A hand made French blouse comes in flesh colored batiste. Patient rows of hand-made hemstitching and a button or two form its interesting trimmings. $5.95.*

*The fly-away jabot on this white Georgette crêpe waist blouse can be securely anchored to its double collar by putting the very ornamental buttons to use. $8.75.*

*T-1. Tailored model made in pure Irish linen, with the new chevalier collar, low neck, with either long or short sleeves—* **Price $3.50**

*Same model in superior quality of Habutai silk, made in short sleeves only.* **Price $5.00**

*Same model in fine quality crepe de chine white only, long or short sleeves.* **Price $5.75**

Mail orders promptly filled

**JOHN FORSYTHE & SONS**

**The Waist House**

**3 WEST 42nd STREET NEW YORK**

No connection with any other house doing business under the name of Forsythe

The Vogue of—

WICK FANCY HAT BANDS

COLOR'S the mode—the gorgeous hat-band and the scarlet scarf are gaily flaunting wherever the gleaming yachts and swift limousines glide through the summer breeze.

The newest idea is to have your Wick Hat Band "go" with the costume or suit you happen to be wearing, either in harmony or exquisite contrast—and appreciation was never so keen of *"the little hooks"* on Wick Hat Bands for slipping them on and off.

Get the famous Wick Roman Bayadere—in 84 designs and patterns ($1.50), or the Palm Beach Puggaree, gay with varicolored silken bars, or one of the English Regimental Stripe Bands, or a plain single color Grosgrain Ribbon Band, or—but there are scores and scores to choose from, suitable for a woman's sports hat or a man's straw—mostly 50c. each, some higher.

**—and How to Get Them**

*Wick Hat Bands may be seen at hatters, haberdashers and department stores chiefly, but order direct if you like, stating colors preferred. You will get the bands by return mail. Fraternity—Golf—Tennis and Country Club colors made to order.*

**(MEMO:—Send a dollar for two — postpaid. You will also receive a copy of the celebrated Penfield Baseball Poster).**

WICK NARROW FABRIC CO., 931-937 Market St., Philadelphia

Originators of the Adjustable Fancy Hat Band Business

**PROSPERITY**

The new spring and summer roll

Ide

**COLLAR**

Ide Collars have—
exclusively—

*Linocord*
*Unbreakable*
*Buttonholes*

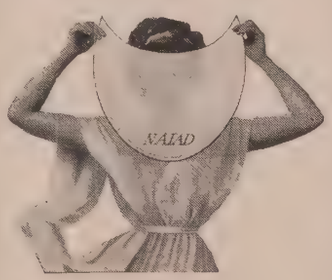
which insure continuance of style, fit and long satifactory wear.

*Try them* *2 for 25c*

GEO. P. IDE & CO., Makers, TROY, N. Y.



**"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Women is Cleanliness"**




**Naiad**
**Dress Shields**

**add the final assurance of cleanliness**

**FREE FROM RUBBER**

Can be quickly **sterilized** in boiling water. All styles and sizes to fit every requirement. Regular, Full Dress and Shirt Waist are made in flesh color. Guarantee with every pair.

At stores or sample pair on on receiph of 25c.

**Naiad Waterproof Sheeting for the nursery and hospital**

**THE C. E. CONOVER CO., Mfrs.**
**101 Franklin Street, New York**


# *Between Fashion And The Deep Sea*

**"If I had the time to indulge in my favorite Summer Sport,—swimming," said a popular actress famous for her good taste in clothes, "Here's the kind of bathing costumes I'd like to wear."**

*Knowing well how many women "hang their clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water," this Beach Hat and parasol made itself amphibious by combining black peanut straw and rose colored rubber, stenciled in blue. The parasol or Beach Umbrella is rose colored rubber with a cream enameled handle. The set (below) is priced at* $30.00.

*A bias cording of white taffetas binds the skirt and sash slots of a most sedate little affair of navy blue satin. The collar is white and, of course, the tie is green; for navy blue and green are Father Neptune's own colors.* $22.50.

*Little Fishes take notice! A deep cape hides the tiny puff sleeves of this black satin suit, but the skirt lacked sufficient depth to hide the bloomers. A white silk braid runs twice around (below).* $14.50.

*The way to one's pocket is pointed out by two little tabs attached to the belt of this blue taffetas bathing suit. Other ways are laid out in narrow maize satin ribbon paths which also serve as the means to fasten the bodice.* $12.50.

*A blue waterproof turban is stitched in white and has a twisted silk ornament fore and a saucy frill aft. (above)* $1.95.

*Footprints in the sands of Time are made in pebbled rubber bathing shoes. These shoes have triangular pieces cut out in front to display a little bit more.* $1.25.

*Who could accuse this rubber scarf of being frivolous when it comes under the convenient excuse "Prevents Sunburn." In black and white rubber, is priced at* $11.75. *(above).*

*As soon as she noticed that the sides of her skirt didn't quite reach, she had frills sewed on her bloomers. A green Jenny plaid suit is banded and belted in black satin.* $35.00.

*She holds her head high above the wavelets for her hat, though "beachey," is not waterproof. Between the sun and a creamy complexion is a black taffetas hat with white ratine fixings.* $10.00.

***The Theatre***

The smooth skin required by modern décolleté modes may be conveniently and harmlessly had by the use of

***Evans's Depilatory***

This soft powder removes objectionable hair temporarily. It is perfectly safe to use. There is no safe way of removing hair permanently. An occasional application of Evans's keeps the skin free.

50c for outfit, including mixing dish, spoon and powder. Money back if you want it. At drug- and department-stores, or send us 50c and dealer's name and address.

George B. Evans
1106 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia Pa

Makers of "Mum"



**5**
**TRAINS TO CHICAGO**

Lackawanna Railroad

*"The Best of Everything"*

**The Road of Anthracite**



Embarrassing hairs quickly removed with one application of this famous preparation. Society and stage beauties of Paris and New York have used it the last 75 years. Approved by physicians and dermatologists.

**X. BAZIN**
DEPILATORY POWDER

50c and $1 at all good druggists. Try a bottle today. Avoid dangerous substitutes. If your druggist does not keep it, send direct to

HALL & RUCKEL
221 Washington St., New York

## DELATONE

**Removes Hair or Fuzz from Face, Neck or Arms**

DELATONE is an old and well-known scientific preparation, in powder form, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths—no matter how thick or stubborn they may be. You make a paste by mixing a little Delatone and water; then spread on the hairy surface. After two or three minutes, rub off the paste and the hairs will be gone. When the skin is washed, it will be found clean, firm and hairless—as smooth as a baby's. Delatone is used by thousands every year, and is highly recommended by beauty authorities and experts.

*Druggists sell Delatone; or an original one-ounce jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of One Dollar by*

**THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL COMPANY**
**339 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. CR, Chicago, Illinois**

# "Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

## takes all the odor out of perspiration

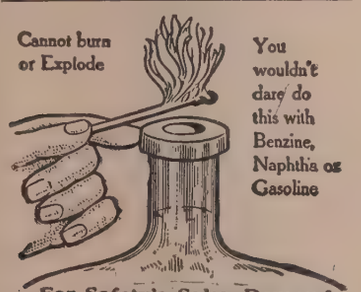
Hot weather embarrassment is easy to prevent. A touch of "Mum" here and there keeps the body fresh and sweet from bath to bath.

"Mum" is a snow-white disappearing cream that neutralizes the odors of perspiration and other body excretions.

Harmless to skin and clothing.

25c—sold by 9 out of 10 drug- and department-stores.

**"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia**




**For Safety's Sake—Demand**

# CARBONA

## Cleaning Fluid

**Removes Grease Spots Instantly**

Cleans all materials without injury to fabric or color. Silk, Satin, Lace, Wool, Cashmere, Cotton, Velour, Felt, Velvet, Madras, Net, Lisle, Flannel, Serge, Gauze, Chiffon.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| White Kid Gloves | Coats, Cloaks | Cloth Uppers |
| Silk and Satin Slippers | Neckties | Furs |
| Neckwear | Coat Collars | Blankets |
| Feathers | Furniture Covers | Veils |
| Dresses | Portieres | Hosiery |
| Parasols | Tapestries | Lingerie |
| Wraps | Rugs | Jabots |
| Opera Capes | Carpets | Typewriters |
| Ribbons | Piano Keys | Auto-Apparel |

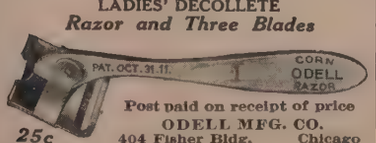
15c, 25c, 50c, $1 Size Bottles. All Drug Stores.

Shoes made with "F. B. & C." white, bronze and fancy colored kids are cleaned with Carbona Cleaning Fluid

## THE ODELL SAFETY

**LADIES' DECOLLETE**

***Razor and Three Blades***

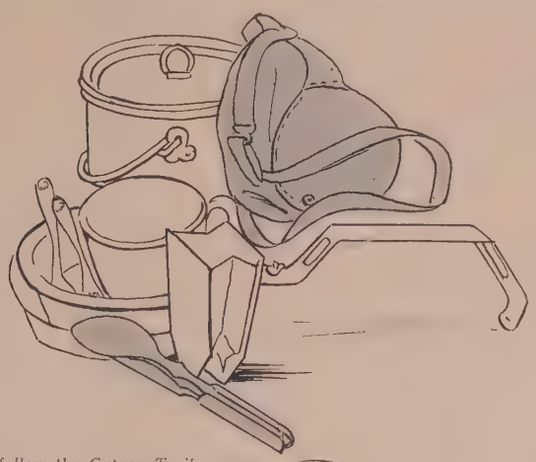



25c

**Post paid on receipt of price**
**ODELL MFG. CO.**
**404 Fisher Bldg. Chicago**


# *The Summer Was Made For Motor Trips*

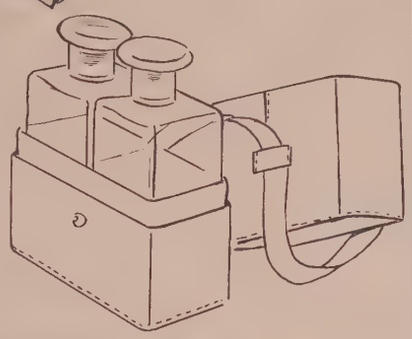
We took this little thing from one Star's car, and that little thing from another's and assembled the entire mêlée to show you how comf'y Stageland goes a'picnicking. We'll tell you where these articles were bought, too, if you'll drop a postal to the Shopping Department.

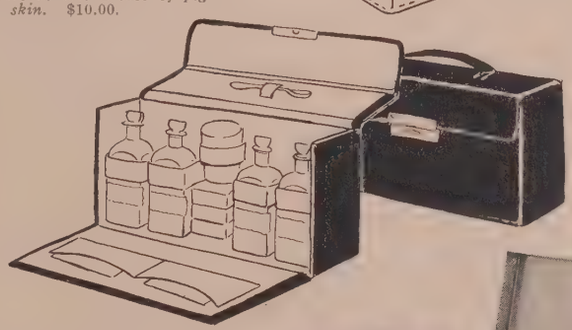


*When you follow the Gypsey Trail, a small camp kit like the Boy Scout carries will prove itself well worth the tiny space it occupies. A frying pan, sauce dish, kettle and cup of aluminum fold themselves into a little canvas bag which also holds a fork and spoon.* $2.50.

*A drinking cup of aluminum and oiled silk that folds flat,* 10c.—*and a knife, fork and spoon nested together (in foreground above),* $1.00.

*There are so many things one might like to carry in these convenient bottles that they haven't been dedicated to any special use. Cut glass bottles with metal tops and ground glass stoppers fit into a case of pigskin.* $10.00.

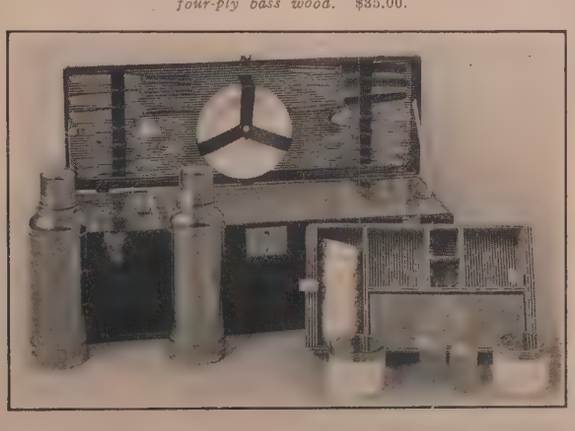




*It is a wise motor car that carries an outfit like this. A most complete little medicine chest stows itself away in a black long grained patent leather case.* $10.00.

*If you ever tried to build a fire of driftwood you'll appreciate why this lamp-stove is called "Optimus." Although petroleum is used for fuel, it really burns a gas generated by the heated oil. The tin box is its domicile.* $4.50.

*A lunch box that fits on the running board has service for six people. The two vacuum quart bottles are unbreakable. The case is made of four-ply bass wood.* $35.00.



## Famous Beauties, their Complexions, and Mme. Rubinstein

IT is impossible to think of these three apart, for Mme. Helena Rubinstein has treated and perfected the complexions of more famed beauties than any other man or woman in the world.

The mastery which Mme. Rubinstein, 255 Rue Saint Honoré, Paris, 24 Grafton St., London, W., and 15 East Forty-ninth St., New York, has brought to bear upon the fascinating art and science of making and *holding* captive woman's beauty, is without parallel in the history of woman's endeavor to remain true to Nature's finest promptings.

At her Maison de Beauté Valaze in New York, as at her Paris and London establishments, under the care of expert assistants, wrinkless and crowsfeet vanish; coarseness of skin, double chins, looseness of tissues and relaxation of muscles, puffiness under the eyes, blackheads, enlarged open pores, weather-beaten appearance and other imperfection of the complexion give way to charm and sweetness of aspect.

Treatments at the New York establishment may be arranged now—or if unable to call you may consult the following descriptive remarks with a view to home treatment.

**NORMAL SKINS**

*Valaze Beautifying Skinfood* nourishes, whitens the skin, removes sallowness, wrinkles, weather-beaten and muddy appearance. Price $1.00, $2.00 and $6.00 a jar.

**BLACKHEADS AND GREASY, COARSE SKIN**

*Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste* refines coarse skin texture, removes greasiness, blackheads and reduces enlarged pores. Price $1.00 and $2.00 a tin.

*Valaze Liquidine* overcomes enlarged pores and oiliness of the skin, also undue flushing of nose and face. Price $1.50, $2.75 and $5.50 a bottle.

**VALAZE SUN AND WINDPROOF BALM**

Exposure to the wind and hot sun, sea or mountaineer causes the skin to become tender. The *Valaze Sun and Windproof Balm* guards the skin against chapping discoloration and injury due to such exposure. Unequalled as an anti-wrinkle preparation, also excellent as a foundation for powder. Price $1.50 and $3.00.

**FOR BAGGY, RELAXED AND FLAPPY SKIN**

When the muscles and throat are becoming flabby and loose, immediate steps should be taken to remedy the defect. I have found among the preparations that I have been able to recommend the *Roman Jelly* (price $1.50 and $3.00) and the *Georgene Lactee* (price $2.50 and $5.00) the best suited for this condition. Used in time they will prevent such a condition.

**FOR IMPROVING GROWTH OF EYELASHES**

*The Novena Eyelash Cream* stays falling eyelashes and eyebrows, strengthens their growth—at the same time darkening them. Price $1.50. Directions for the massage of eyes and temples, which will reduce wrinkles and restore brilliancy to lustreless eyes accompany each jar.

**FACE POWDERS**

*Valaze Complexion Powder*, for normal and oily skin; *Novena Poudre*, for dry skin. Price $1.00, $2.50 and $4.50.

A copy of Mme. Rubinstein's book, "Beauty in the Making", sent on receipt of 2 cents postage.

## MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

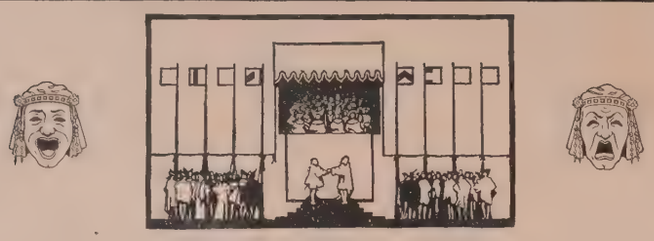
**15 East 49th St., New York City**

PARIS: 255 Rue Saint Honore
LONDON, W.: 24 Grafton Street

SAN FRANCISCO:
Miss Ida Martin,
Liebes Bldg., 167 Post St. and Grant Ave.

PHILADELPHIA:
Mme. Rose Schachman, 2536 W. Somerset St.

# The Shakespeare Masque



The Field of the Cloth of Gold

THE Shakespeare masque "Caliban by the Yellow Sands," by Percy MacKaye, was performed too late for extended review in this issue. At the time of our going to press it was scheduled for presentation at the City College Stadium on the evening of May 23d. A picture of the special stage designed by Joseph Urban will be found on page 336 of this number.

The dramatic-symbolic motive of the Masque is taken from Shakespeare's play, "The Tempest." Percy MacKaye, is his preface to the printed volume, says: "The art of Prospero I have conceived as the art of Shakespeare in its universal scope: that many-visioned art of the theatre which, age after age, has come to liberate the imprisoned imagination of mankind from the fetters of brute force and ignorance; that same art which, being usurped or stifled by groping part-knowledge, prudery, or lust, has been botched in its ideal aims and—like fire ill-handled or ill-hidden by a passionate child—has wrought havoc, hypocrisy, and decadence. Caliban, then, in this Masque, is that passionate child-curious part of us all (whether as individuals or as races), grovelling close to his aboriginal origins, yet groping up and staggering—with almost rhythmic falls and back-slidings—toward that serener plane of pity and love, reason and disciplined will, where Miranda and Prospero commune with Ariel and his Spirits. In deference to the master-originator of these characters and their names, it is, I think, incumbent on me to point out that these four characters, derived—but reimagined—from Shakespeare's 'The Tempest' become, for the purpose of my Masque, the presiding symbolic *Dramatis Personæ* of a plot and conflict which are my own conception. They are thus no longer Shakespeare's characters of 'The Tempest,' though born of them and bearing their names."

There are fifty characters in the Masque proper, in addition to about 1,500 others who take part in the interludes, a series of pageants and dances of different periods and countries, and in the chorus. A symphony orchestra of eighty pieces, conducted by Louis Koemmenich, played music especially composed by Arthur Farwell. The cast, which included many of the best-known professional actors and actresses in America, was as follows:

CHARACTERS

Caliban ..... Lionel Braham
Ariel ..... Gareth Hughes
Prospero ..... Howard Kyle
Miranda ..... Edith Wynne Matthison
Sycorax ..... Joseph Whitmore
Lust, War, Death } Priests of Setebos { Brigham Royce, Edward Fielding, Matthew Briggs
St. Agnes ..... Margherita Sargent
The Spirit of Time ..... Mary Lawton
William Shakespeare ..... John Drew

CHARACTERS IN INNER SCENES

*Scene One*

Antony ..... Eric Blind
Cleopatra ..... Hedwig Reicher
Charmian ..... Marion Evenson
Eros ..... Clifford Devereaux

*Scene Two*

Cressida ..... Gladys Hanson
Her Attendant ..... Clara Tree Major
Pandarus ..... David Bispham
Boy ..... Allan Ross MacDougall
Troilus ..... Eugene O'Brien
Becuba ..... Mary Lawton
Helen ..... Virginia Hadley
Aeneas ..... Henry Buckler
Antenor ..... Chester Thomas Calder
Hector ..... George Smithfield
Paris ..... Joseph Sterling
Helenas ..... Joseph Whitmore

*Scene Three*

Brutus ..... Henry Ludlowe
Lucius ..... John Sahlveck
Ghost of Caesar ..... F. F. Mackay, (first performance.) Emmanuel Reicher, (other performances.)

*Scene Four*

Hamlet ..... Robert Mantell
Horatio ..... Augustin Duncan
Marcelius ..... William H. Sams
Ghost of Hamlet's Father ..... Emmanuel Reicher

*Scene Five*

Romeo ..... Fred Eric
Juliet ..... Margaret Wycherly
Lorenzo ..... Eugene O'Brien
Jessica ..... Viola Compton
Perdita ..... Vera Fredova
Florizel ..... Joseph Sterling

*Scene Six*

Orlando ..... Fred Eric
Jacques ..... William H. Sams
The Banished Duke ..... Cyril Courtney
Adam ..... George F. Smithfield

*Scene Seven*

Sir Hugh Evans ..... Etienne Girardot
Sir John Falstaff ..... Thomas A. Wise
Mistress Ford ..... Grace Filkens
Mistress Page ..... Thais Lawton
Anne Page ..... Beatrice Beckley

*Scene Eight*

King Henry V ..... Frederick Lewis

*The Interludes.*

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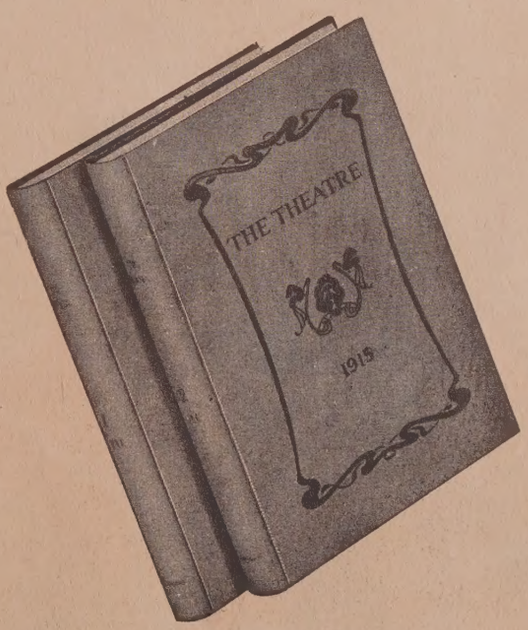


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